The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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JUNE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hail thee, June! queen month of roses,
Every fragrant bud uncloses,
Shows its fresh heart to the light.
Sunbeams kiss it, dews caress it
All the quiet summer night.

Balmy south wind comes and tarries,
Luscious, tempting, coy strawberries
Hide amid their glossy green;
Blue skies hover glad earth over,
Wild birds sail and sing between.

Perfumes float from spicy far-lands,
Forest monarchs lift their garlands,
Hymning one unending strain:—
Praise the Giver, praise Him ever,
June is in the fields again!

Branches, drooping over water,
Filled with young birds' song and flutter,
Shelter violets darkly blue;
No heat finds them, no light blinds them,
Always cool and moist with dew.

Robin tries the cherries' flavor,
Shouting in a joyous quaver
They are growing sweet and good.
Lilac flowers fall in showers,
Scattering scent like sandalwood.

Bees kiss close the honey clover,
Mourning dove calls for her lover,
Insects flitter in the sun,
Grain gets yellow, small fruits mellow,
Purple shadows haunt the plum.

Revel earth in thy completeness,
Drink, oh soul, thy fill of sweetness,
Dearest things die all too soon,
Worlds keep turning, sunsets burning,
Thirty days are all of June.

MIRIAM EARL.

A STREET IN CANTON, CHINA.

"The city of Canton," says M. Huc, "produced on me the impression of one great ambuscade. At the corner of a dark street the courier, who formed the next link to me, lost sight of the Chinese who preceded him, and who alone knew the way. The street we were in was no thoroughfare, and we did not know which of the turnings he had taken."

But this, which is a just description of the city generally, is not true with respect to the spot represented in the engraving. Old China Street is one of the links which connect the European factories with Canton proper—the really Chinese city. As to the latter, the Bishop of Victoria quite confirms M. Huc's description. He thus writes:—"The recently-arrived stranger naturally manifests surprise and incredulity on being told that the estimated population of Canton exceeds a million. As soon, however, as he visits the close streets, with their dense population and busy wayfarers, huddled together in lanes of from five to nine feet wide, where Europeans could scarcely inhale the breath of life, the greatness of the number no longer appears incredible. After the first feelings of novelty have passed away, disappointment, rather than admiration, occupies the mind. After leaving the open space before the factories, and passing through Old China Street, New China Street, and Curiosity Street, we behold an endless succession of narrow avenues, scarcely deserving the name of streets. As the visitor pursues his course, narrow lanes continue to succeed each other, and the conviction is gradually impressed on his mind, that such is the general character of the streets of this city."

There is something of romance in the effect of Chinese streets. On either side are shops, decked out with native wares, furniture, and manufactures of various kinds. These are adorned with pillars of sign-boards, rising perpendicularly, and inscribed from top to bottom with the various kinds of saleable articles which may be had therein. Many of these sign-boards contain some fictitious emblem, adopted as the name of the shop, similar to the practice prevalent in London a century or two ago.

In every little open space there are crowds of travelling doctors, haranguing the multitude on the wonderful powers and healthy virtues of the medicines which they expose for sale. Close by some cunning fortune-teller may be seen, with crafty look, explaining to some awe-struck simpleton his future destiny in life, from a number of books placed before him, and consulted with due solemnity. In another part may be seen disposed the apparatus of some Chinese tonsor, who is performing his skillful vocation on the crown of some fellow-countryman; or a noisy gang of people busily engaged in gambling, and evincing, by their excited looks and clamor, the intensity of their interest in the issue.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER IV.

ALONE WITH THE NAKED TRUTH.

Oliver Rane was in his bed-chamber; a front apartment facing the road. It may be as well to give a word of description to this first-floor, lest it prove needful as the tale goes on. It was a very large landing-place, the boards white and bare, with a spacious window looking full to the side of the other house, as the dining-room beneath it did. Wide, low, and curtainless was this landing-window; imparting, in conjunction with the bare floors and walls, a staring, bleak appearance to the place. Mrs. Cumberland's opposite landing (could you have seen it) presented quite a different aspect, with its rich carpet of many colors, its statues, vases, book-cases, and its tasty window-drapery. Dr. Rane could not afford luxuries yet: or, indeed, superfluous furniture. The stairs led down nearly close to this window, so that in coming from any of the bed-rooms, or the upper floor, to descend below, you had to face it.

To get into Dr. Rane's chamber—the best in the house—an ante-room had to be passed through, whose door was opposite to the large window. Two chambers opened from the back of the landing: they faced the back lane that ran along beyond the garden wall. Above, in the roof, were two other rooms, both three-cornered. Phillis the old serving-woman slept on that floor in one of them, Dr. Rane on this: the house had no other inmates.

The ante-room had no furniture: unless some curious-looking articles lying on the floor could be called such. They seemed to consist chiefly of glass: jars covered in dust, a cylindrical glass-pump, and other things pertaining to chemistry, of which science the doctor was fond. Certainly the architect had not made the most of this floor, or he would never have expended so much space on the landing. But if this ante-room was not furnished, Dr. Rane's chamber was; and well, too. The entrance door was in the middle of the beautifully papered wall of white and gold, the dressing-table and glass stood opposite before the window. The fire-place was on the left; a handsome white Arabian bedstead picked out with gold on the right, its hangings, of green damask, matching the window drapery and in color the soft carpet. Other furniture stood about, all very good of its kind, and the whole in harmony.

Seated at the round table in the middle of the room, his hand raised to support his head, was Dr. Rane. He had but just come in, and it was now one o'clock—his ordinary dinner-hour. It was that same morning told of in the last chapter, when he had quitted Mrs. Gass's house with that dangerous piece of paper weighing down his pocket and his heart. As he was entering the door of the sick man, Ketler, whom he had proceeded at once to see, a bustle in the street, and much wild running of women, warned him that something must have happened. Two men had fallen into the river at the back of the North Works; and excited people were shouting that they were drowned. Not quite: as Dr. Rane saw when he reached the spot; not beyond hope of restoration. Patiently the doctor persevered in his endeavors. He got life into them at length; and stayed afterwards caring for them. After that, he had Ketler and other patients to see, and it was nearly one when he bent his steps towards home. In the morning he had said to himself that he would call at the Hall on his return; but he passed its gates: perhaps because it was his dinner-hour, for one o'clock was striking.

Hanging up his hat in the small hall, leaving his cane in the corner—a pretty little thing with a gold stag for its head—he was making straight for the stairs when the servant, Phillis, came out of the kitchen. A little woman of some five-and-fifty years, with high shoulders, and her head poking forward. Her chin and nose were sharp now, but the once good-looking face was meek and mild, the sweet dark eyes were subdued, and the hair, peeping from beneath the close white cap, was gray. She wore a dark cotton gown and check apron, and her arms were bare to the elbow. A tidy-looking, respectable woman, in spite of her unfashionable appearance.

"Is that you, master? Them folks have been over from the brick-kilns, saying the woman's not so well to-day, if you'd please to go to her."

Dr. Rane nodded his head. He went on up the stairs and into his own room, the door of which he locked. Why? Phillis was not in the habit of intruding upon him, and there was no one else in the house. The first thing he did was to take the paper, received from Mrs. Gass, out of his pocket-book, and read it attentively twice over. Then he struck a match, set fire to it, and watched it consume away in the empty grate. A dangerous memento, whosesoever hand had penned it; and the physician did well, in the interests of humanity, to put it out of sight for ever. The task over, he leaned against the window-frame, in the shade of the flowing damask window-curtains, and lapsed into thought. He was dwelling upon the death at Dallory Hall, and what it might bring forth.

Hepburn, the undertaker, was right.—There was to be no inquest. So much Dr. Rane had learned from Richard North: who had hastened to the works on hearing of the accident to his men. The two Whitborough doctors had given the certificate of death—apoplexy, to which there had been a previous tendency, though immediately brought on by excitement—and nothing more was required by law. From a word spoken by Richard, Dr. Rane gathered that it was Madam (as Mrs. North was very generally called) who had set her veto against an inquest. And quite right too; there was no necessity whatever for one, had been the answering comment made by Oliver Rane to Richard. But now—now when he was alone with himself and the naked truth; when there was no man at hand whose opinion it might be well to humor or deceive; no eye upon him save God's, he could not help acknowledging that had he been Mr. North, had it been his son who was thus cut off from life, he should have called for an inquest to be held. Ay, ten inquests, an' the law would have allowed them; if by that means he might have traced the letter home to its writer.

Quitting his place be the window, he sat down at the table and bent his forehead upon his hand. Never in his whole life had anything so affected him as this death; and it was perhaps natural that he should set himself to see whether or not, any kind of excuse might be found for the anonymous writer.

He began by putting himself in idea into the writer's place, and argued the point for him; for and against. Chiefly *for:* it was on that side his bias leaned. It is very easy, as the world knows, to find a plea for those in whom we are interested or on whom misfortune falls; it is so natural to indulge for their sakes in a little sophistry. Such sophistry came now to the help of the physician.

"What cause had Edmund North to fly into a dangerous passion?" ran the self-argument. "Only a madman would have been expected to do so. There was nothing in the letter that need have excited him, absolutely nothing. It was (probably) written with a very harmless view; certainly the writer never could have dreamt that it might have the effect of destroying life.

Destroying a man's life! A flush passed into Oliver Rane's face at the thought, dyeing neck and brow with crimson. And, with it, came back the words of Hepburn—that the writer was a murderer and might come to be tried for it. A murderer! a slayer of one's inoffensive fellow-man! There is no other self-reproach under heaven that can bring home so much anguish to the conscience. But—could a man be justly called a murderer if he had never had thought or intention to do anything of the kind?

"Wait here," said Dr. Rane, beginning to speak aloud, as if he were a special pleader arguing in a law-court. "Can a man be called a murderer who has never had the smallest intention to murder—who would have flown in horror from the bare idea? Let us suppose it was—Mrs. North—who wrote the letter? Alexander suspects her, at any rate. Put it that she had some motive for writing it. It might have been a good motive—that of stopping Edmund North in his downward career, as the letter intimated—and she fancied this might be best accomplished by letting his father know of what he, in conjunction with Alexander, was doing. According to Alexander, she does not interfere openly between the young men and their father; it's not her policy; and she may have considered the means she took were legitimate under the circumstances. Well, could she for a moment imagine that any terrible consequences would ensue? A rating from Mr. North to his son, and the matter would be over. Just so: she was innocent of any other thought. Then how can she be deemed guilty?"

Dr. Rane paused. A book lay on the table; he turned its leaves backwards and forwards in abstraction, his mind never quitting the subject. Presently he resumed.

"Or—take Alexander's view of the letter—that it was written to damage him with Mr. North and the neighborhood generally. Madam—say again—had conceived a dislike to Alexander, wished him dismissed from the house, but had no plea for doing it, and so took *that* means—the sending of a letter to her husband. Could she suspect that the result would be fatal to Edmund North? Would she not have shrunk with genuine abhorrence from penning the letter, had she foreseen it? Certainly; certainly. Then, under these circumstances, how can a man—I mean a woman—be responsible, legally or morally, for the death? It would be utterly unjust to charge her with it. Edmund North is alone to blame. Clearly so. The case is little better than a case of unintentional suicide."

Having arrived at this view of the subject—so comforting for the unknown writer—Dr. Rane rose briskly, and began to wash his hands and smooth his hair. He took a note-case from his pocket, in which he was in the habit of dotting down his daily engagements, to see at what hour he could most conveniently go to the brick-field, in compliance with the message just received. The sick woman was in no danger, as he knew, and he might choose his own time. In passing through the ante-room—which room, by-the-way, was generally distinguished as the Drab-Room, from the unusual color of the walls, drab, and hideous—he took up one of the glass jars, requiring it for some purpose down stairs. And then he noticed something that displeased him.

"Phillis!" he called, putting his head out on the landing; "Phillis!" and the woman, a very active little body, came running up.

"You have been sweeping the Drab-Room?"

"It was so dirty, master."

"Now look you here," he cried angrily; "if you sweep out a room again, when I tell you it is not to be swept, I'll keep every place in the house locked up. Some of the glass here is valuable—and I'll not run the risk of having it broken with brooms and brushes."

Down went Phillis, taking the reproof in silence. As Dr. Rane crossed the landing to follow her, his eyes naturally fell on his mother's house through the large window. The answering window opposite, Mrs. Cumberland's, was being cleaned by one of the servants; at the window of the dining-room underneath, his mother was sitting. It put Dr. Rane in mind that he had not been in to see her for nearly two days; not since Edmund North—

All in a moment, induced perhaps by the name, a sense of the delusive nature of the sophistry he had been indulging, flashed into his brain, and the truth shone out distinct and bare. Edmund North was dead; killed by the anonymous letter. But for that fatal letter he had been alive and well now. A sickening sensation, as of some great oppression, crowded over Oliver Rane, and his nerveless fingers dropped the jar.

Out ran Phillis, lifting her hands at the crash of glistening mites lying in the passage.

"He has broken one himself now," thought she, referring to the reproof about the glasses.

"Just sweep the pieces carefully into a dustpan, and throw them away," said her master, as he passed on. "The jar slipped out of my fingers."

Phillis stared a minute, getting rid of her surprise, and then turned to fetch the dustpan. The doctor went on to the front door, instead of into the dining-room, as Phillis expected.

"Master," she called out, running after him, "your dinner's waiting. The fowl's on the table, and I was just coming in with the potatoes."

But Dr. Rane passed on as though he had not heard her, and shut the door with a bang.

He turned into his mother's house. Not by the familiar mode of the open window; he did not gain the premises by stepping over the slight fence; but he knocked at the front door, and was admitted as any ordinary visitor. Whether it was from having lived apart for so many years of their lives, or that a something was wanting of social cordiality in the disposition of each, certain it was that Dr. Rane and his mother observed more ceremony with each other, and were less familiar, than what usually obtains between mother and son.

Mrs. Cumberland sat at the open dining-room window, just as he had seen her from his staircase landing; a newspaper lay behind her on a small table, put out of hand

when read. Ellen Adair, as might be heard, was at the piano in the drawing-room, playing, perhaps, from unconscious association, and low and softly as it was her delight to play, the "Dead March in Saul." The dirge grated on the ears of Dr. Rane.

"What a melancholy drawl!" he involuntarily exclaimed; and Mrs. Cumberland looked up, there was so much irritation in the tone.

He shook hands with his mother, but did not kiss her, which he was not accustomed to do, and stood back against the broad window, his face turned to it.

"You are a stranger, Oliver," she said. "What has kept you away?"

"I have been busy. To-day especially. They had an accident at the works—two men nearly drowned—and I have been with them all the morning."

"I heard of it. Jelly brought me in the news: she seems to hear everything. How fortunate that you were at hand!"

He proceeded rather volubly to give the particulars of the accident and of the process he adopted to recover the men; voluble for him. Mrs. Cumberland looked and listened with silent, warm affection; but that she was a particularly undemonstrative woman, she would have shown it in her manner. In her partial eyes, there was not so fine and handsome and estimable a man in all Dallory as this, her only son.

"Oliver, what a dreadful thing this is about Edmund North! I have not seen you since. Why did you not come in and tell me the same night?"

He turned his eyes on her for a moment to express surprise, and paused. "I am not in the habit of coming in to tell you when called out to patients, mother. How was I to know you wished it?"

"Nonsense, Oliver! This is not an ordinary thing. The Norths were something to me once. I have had Edmund on my knee when he was a baby; and I should have liked you to pay me the attention of bringing in the news. Only to put it on the score of gossip, it would have been welcome," she added, with a half-smile at the words. "It appears to be altogether a more romantic event than one meets with every day, and such things, you know, are of interest to lonely women."

Dr. Rane made no rejoinder, possibly not having any sufficient excuse to offer for his carelessness. He stood looking dreamily from a corner of the window. Phillis (as might be seen from thence,) was carrying away the fowl and a tureen of sauce. Mrs. Cumberland probably thought he was watching with critical curiosity the movements of his handmaid. She resumed.

"They say, Oliver, there has been no hope of him from the first."

"There was very little. Of course—as it turns out—there could have been none."

"And who wrote the letter? With what motive was it witten?" proceeded Mrs. Cumberland, her pale, gray face leaning slightly forward, as she waited for an answer.

"It is of no use to ask me, mother. Some people hold one opinion, some another; mine would go for little."

"They are beginning now to think that it was not written at all to injure Edmund, but Mr. Alexander."

"Who told you that?" he asked, a sharper accent discernible in his tone.

"Captain Bohun. He came in this morning to apprise me of the death. Considering that I have no claim upon him; that a year ago I had never spoken to him, I must say that Arthur Bohun is very kind and attentive to me. He's one in a thousand."

Perhaps the temptation to say, "It is not for your sake he is attentive," momentarily assailed Oliver Rane. But he was good-natured in the main: and he knew when to hold his tongue and when to speak; no man better.

"I entertain a different opinion," he observed, referring to the point in discussion. "Of course it is all guess-work, what the writer's motive was, or what it was not. There's no profit in discussing it, mother. And I must be going, for my dinner's waiting. Thank you for sending me the fowl."

"A moment yet, Oliver," she interposed, touching his arm as he was passing her to move away. "Have you heard that Alexander is going to leave?"

"Yes. I was talking with him about it this morning."

If ever a glow of hope, of light, had been seen lately on Mrs. Cumberland's marble face, it was seen then. The tightly-drawn skin on the features had lost its gray tinge.

"Oliver, I could go down on my knees and thank heaven for it. You don't know how grieved I have been all through these past two years, because you were put into the shade by that man, and it was I who had brought you here! It will be all right now. New houses are to be built they say at the other end of the Ham, and the practice will be worth a great deal. I shall sleep well to-night."

He smiled as he shook hands with her; partly in affection, partly at her unusual vehemence. In passing the drawing-room, Ellen Adair happened to be coming out of it, but he went on. She supposed he had not observed her, and spoke.

"Ah, how do you do, Miss Adair?" he said, turning back and offering his hand. "Forgive my haste, I am busy to-day."

And before she had time to say an answering syllable, he was gone. Leaving an impression on her mind, she could not well have told why or wherefore, that he was ill at ease: that he had hastened away, not from pressure of business but because he did not care to stay to talk.

If that feeling was pervading Dr. Rane, and had reference to the world in general and not to the young lady in particular, it might not have been agreeable to him to encounter an acquaintance as he turned out of his mother's house. Mr. Alexander was swiftly passing on his way towards home from the lower part of the Ham, and stopped.

"I wish I'd never said a syllable about my going away till I was off," cried he in his free, off-hand manner—a pleasanter manner and more sociable than Dr. Rane's. "The news has been noised abroad, and I've got the whole place upon me; asking this, questioning that. One man comes and wants to know if I'll sell my furniture; another thinks he'd like the house as it stands. My patients are up in arms; saying I'm doing it to kill them. I shall have some of them in a fever before the day's over."

"Perhaps you'll not go, after all," observed Dr. Rane.

"Not go! How can I help going? I am elected to the post. Why, it's what I have been looking out for ever so long—almost ever since I've been here. No, no, Rane; a short while, and Dallory Ham will have seen the last of me."

He hastened across the road to his house on the run, like a man who has the world's work on his busy shoulders. Dr. Rane's thoughts, as he glanced after him, reverted to the mental argument he had held in his chamber, and he unconsciously resumed it, putting himself in the place of the unknown, miserable writer, as before.

"It's almost keener than the death itself—if the motive *was* to do Alexander injury in his profession, or drive him from the place—to know that he—or she—Mrs. North—might have spared her pains! Heavens! what a remorse it must be!—to commit a crime and then find there was *no* necessity for it!"

Dr. Rane wiped his brow with his white handkerchief—the day was very warm—and turned into his house. Phillis once more put the dinner on the table, and he sat down to it.

But not a mouthful could he swallow: his throat was like so much dried chip, and the food would not go down. Phillis, who was coming in for something or other, saw him leave his plate, and rise from table.

"Ain't it tender, sir?"

"Tender?" he responded, as though he did not catch the sense of the question, and paused. "Oh, it's tender enough: but I must go to see a patient. Get your own dinner."

"Surely you'll come back to yours, sir?"

"I've had mine—as much as I want. Take the things away."

"I wonder what's come to him?" mused the woman, as his quick steps receded from the house, and she was left alone with the rejected dishes. A consciousness was dimly penetrating her hazy brain that there was some change upon him. What it was, or where it lay, she did not define. It was unusual for his strong, firm fingers to drop a glass; it was still more unusual for him to explain cause and effect. "The jar slipped from my fingers." "I've had as much as I want. I must go to see a patient." It was quite out of the common order of routine for Dr. Rane to be explanatory to his servant on any subject whatever; and perhaps it was his having been so in these two instances that took hold of Phillis.

"How quick he must have had his dinner!"

Phillis nearly dropped the dish of fowl. The words were spoken close behind her, and she had believed herself alone in the house. Turning round, she saw Jelly, standing half in, half out at the window.

"Well, I'm sure!" cried Phillis, wrathfully. "You needn't come startling a body in that way, Mrs. Jelly. How did you know but the doctor might be here at his dinner?"

"I've just seen him go down the lane," returned Jelly, who had plenty of time for gossiping with her neighbors, the duties at home not being onerous, and had come strolling over the garden fence now with no other object. "Has he had his dinner? It's but the other minute he was in at our house."

"He has had as much as he means to have," answered Phillis, her anger evaporating, for she liked a social gossip too. "I'm sure it's not worth the trouble of serving meals, if they are to be left in this fashion. It was the same thing at breakfast."

Jelly recollected the scene at breakfast; the startled pallor of Dr. Rane's face, when told that Edmund North was dead: she supposed that had stopped his appetite. Her inquisitive eyes turned unceremoniously to the fowl, and she saw that the merest bit of the tip of the liver-wing was alone eaten.

"Perhaps he is not well to-day," said Jelly.

"I don't know about his being well; he's odder than I ever saw him," answered Phillis. "I shouldn't wonder but he has had his stomach turned over them two half-drownded men."

Putting the doors open, she carried the dinner-things across to the kitchen. Jelly, who assisted at the ceremony, so far as watching and talking went, was in the passage, when her quick eyes caught sight of two small bits of glass. She stooped to pick them up.

"Look here, Phillis! You have been breaking something. It's uncommonly careless to leave the pieces about."

"Is it?" retorted Phillis. "You've got your eyes in everything. I thought I took 'em all up," she added, looking on the ground.

"What did you break?"

"Nothing. The doctor did. He dropped one of them dusty glass jars down the stairs. It did give me a start. You should have heard the smash!"

"What made him drop it?" asked Jelly.

"Goodness knows," returned the older woman. "He's not a bit like himself to-day; it's just as if something had come to him."

She began to eat her dinner as she spoke; standing; her usual mode of taking it. The whole of the fowl was put by into the larder, and she contented herself with a piece of bacon and the gravy remaining in the dish, sopping it up with the potatoes. Phillis was of too economical a turn to waste dainty fowl upon herself, though quite at liberty to do so. Dr. Rane sometimes asked her what she lived upon: Phillis would answer that she lived as well as she ever had lived, and as well as she cared to live. Bread and butter and tea were her chief luxuries.

Jelly followed her customary free-and-easy habits, stood against the door-post, apparently interested in the progress of the meal. They present a contrast, these two women, the one a thin gauntess bolt upright, the other a dwarf stooping forward. Jelly, a lady's maid, held herself of course altogether above Phillis, an ignorant (as Jelly would have described her) servant-of-all-work, but condescending to drop in for the sake of gossip.

"Did you happen to hear how the doctor found Keller?"

"As if I should be likely to hear!" was Phillis's retort. "He'd not tell me, and I couldn't ask. My master's not one of them you can put questions to."

A silence ensued. The gossip apparently flagged to-day. Phillis had it chiefly to herself; for Jelly vouchsafed but a brief answering remark now and again. She was engaged in the mental process of wondering what *had* come to Dr. Rane.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Lord Derby has married a very accomplished lady—the widow of the late Marquis of Salisbury. The latter was greatly her senior, but the marriage was, nevertheless, one of free choice on her part. It is said that when an objection was raised to it on the score of age, some relative urging that Lord Salisbury was old enough to be her father, she made the happy reply, "Oh, if that's all, I'm sure any one would like to marry papa!"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1870.

TERMS.

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MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

THE ATTACK ON CANADA.

Ireland is a portion of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, having, we believe, its due number of Representatives in Parliament.

Canada is a colony of the United Kingdom, having no Representatives in Parliament.

A large portion of the people of Ireland consider that their native land is oppressed by England and Scotland—England and Scotland having a large majority of the members of the House of Commons.

Canada, however, has nothing to do with this oppression. She has no vote in Parliament, and she is thus more at the mercy of England and Scotland than even Ireland is.

And yet many of the natives of Ireland who have emigrated to the United States have banded together to attack Canada—a country which has never injured them—because in so doing they may indirectly injure England.

What an Irish bull this is—but a very sad and criminal, as well as ridiculous bull.

Is it nothing to invade an unoffending people, and if they resist—as in common manliness they must—kill or maim them? What has England done to Ireland worse than these Irishmen are continually planning to do to Canada? Oh the folly of it, the insane and wicked folly of it!

We are glad to see that President Grant has issued a Proclamation warning these misguided men, and announcing his purpose of executing the laws against such criminal expeditions. We trust that he will do his full duty in all such cases—and that all good citizens, and especially the editorial fraternity, without regard to party, will give him their earnest and emphatic support.

There is a degree of assurance and insolence in a small body of men thus attempting to embroil a great nation with its neighbors, that of itself warrants the severest condemnation. What is our national "self-government," so-called, worth, if a few hot-headed men, to suit their own selfish purposes, can thus by engendering constant trouble and bad feeling, ultimately precipitate us into a foreign war?

And when such conspirators are themselves of foreign birth, men who have fled to this country to escape tyranny at home, ingratitude is added to insolence.

We give them a peaceable home, and they in return would plunge us into war, with all its shedding of blood, and load of taxation.

The foreigner whom we admit to citizenship, and who then uses his vote and influence as an Irishman, and not as an American,—who is not able to forget his wrongs and his hates as an Irishman in his new character of an American citizen,—is ungrateful to the land which has sheltered him, and should in common decency renounce that citizenship whose just claims upon him he totally disregards.

Let him be one thing or the other, an American or an Irishman; but let him not array himself in the privileges of the first, unless he is able to forget the injuries and the enmities of the last. If he cannot act and vote as an American, for the interests of America, and not merely as an Irishman, and for the interests of Ireland, then let him not assume a position whose duties he is not prepared to fulfill. And what we say to Irishmen, we say to Germans, to Frenchmen, and to all men of foreign birth. To assume the position of an American Citizen, is to take upon yourselves grave duties, as well as pleasant privileges. If your heart is still with the old country, so that her interests are the dearest things to you, then remain an alien in our midst. Not until you can forget your old prejudices and enmities in the new duties and interests of an adopted country, is it either becoming or honest in you to assume the privileges of an American Citizen.

IS OR ARE.

The question has been raised by a New York paper, whether it is correct to use is or are in connection with the name of the United States. Whether the President in his recent Proclamation, for instance, should say "with whom the United States *are* at peace," or *is* at peace.

We believe the general custom has been and is to use the plural—but we incline to the belief that the singular verb is really correct.

The United States, in this connection, stands for the government of the United States—and the idea is that of unity, oneness. There is only one power in fact which has anything to do with making war or establishing and preserving peace with foreign nations, and that is the Federal government. And when we say that the United States is at peace, we are simply referring, not to the governments of the separate States, but to the one united and distinct Federal government, called the government of the United States.

We remember only one portion of the Constitution itself which bears upon this question, and that is the section relative to Treason, as follows:—"Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against *them*, or in adhering to *their* enemies, giving them aid and comfort." And the use of the plural in this case, would seem to render it doubtful that the parties engaged in the late rebellion could in legal strictness be fairly adjudged guilty of treason—for while they levied war against it, the United States Federal government, and against those of the states which upheld the Federal government, they evidently did not levy war against *them*, or all the states.

Those who regard the Union as a mere league of sovereign States, are, it seems to us, more consistent in using the plural verb than those who contend for the opposite political view. But, believing as we do that the United States is, in its limited Constitutional sphere, just as clearly a sovereign unity as any of the States, it seems to us at first thought that the use of the singular verb in connection with it is strictly correct and altogether proper.

THE WINE-DRINKING COUNTRIES.

Our readers know that we have been in the habit of publishing all the evidence, pro and con, relative to the prevalence of intemperance in the wine-drinking countries, striving in this way to approximate to the truth upon the question.

The last witness is the Rev. Dr. Prime, of the New York Observer. He says that the wine-making countries are temperate. We quote Dr. Prime as follows:—

"I was in a region in Spain where wine is more abundant, sometimes, than water. Wine, good wine, better wine than is in common use in America, is sometimes used in great quantities for water to mix mortar with for building. A church was pointed out to me that was built of wine-made mortar, because they had great quantities on hand for which they had no sale, and, and it was cheaper to use it than to haul water a long way to the building site. But there was little intemperance in that region.

"Wine is the beverage in the navies of France and Southern Europe, because it is cheaper than water—that is, the difficulty of getting and keeping water fresh on a voyage is so great, that it pays to provide wine."

Perhaps the next traveller that comes along will assure us that the Rev. Dr. Prime is entirely mistaken, and that intemperance is mournfully common in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany.

A gentleman of our acquaintance who resided several years in Italy, says that intemperance is not common there. He thinks that travellers often mistake the constitutional hilarity and impassioned vehemence of the Southern nations for the effects of wine, when they are really the effects of their glowing Southern blood.

Well, let us hear all parties. Perhaps some day we shall be able to find out what is really true.

☞ A Mr. Houghton has been sent to this country by a London Illustrated paper to sketch American character and scenery. We regret to say that his sketches, so far, owing either to his own fault, or that of his engraver, are in that hard and scratchy style which recently has come into vogue in England, and which we should think would be the aversion of every genuine artist.

☞ We are glad to see that the Fenian folly has ended in a Fenian fizzle.

A WORD OF COMFORT.

When you hear of your friends going abroad to pass pleasant months and years in travelling through Europe, while you remain at home toiling at the daily oar, do not be downhearted or envious. Remember the dangers of shipwreck, of Roman fever, of Greek brigands and Spanish banditti, and congratulate yourselves upon escaping all these. The French, too, put garlic in everything, and the Italians oil. None of the people of Southern Europe know what good butter is—and few of them can even speak the English language; think of all that such utter ignorance as this implies. And the French, as Goldsmith's sailor said, "call their mothers mares, and their daughters fillies!"

Dear stay-at-home (because you cannot help it) brothers and sisters, think of these things. Besides, remember that you are all booked for a long trip, at railroad speed, one of these days. Fate can only postpone, not prevent, the coming of your grand tour. Sooner or later you too are bound to pack up, or be packed up, for very distant regions. And you need not think of the expense, for society or your friends will, if necessary, furnish the little outfit required. A crowd of friends, larger or smaller according to circumstances, shall attend you to the depot to see you off; and old Time, who heretofore has acted so scurvily by you, shall give you a farewell kick, more we hope in sorrow than in anger, and deadhead you through.

JOHN BULL AS LORD DUNDREARY.—The *London Fun*, in its last number, gets off a pretty good conundrum. John Bull is considering the Bill which allows a man to marry the sister of his deceased wife—a very sensible bill, allowing such marriages, but of course not compelling any widower to do that same, if he does not think it right, or has other objections to it. But, thinking of what complications might possibly ensue, "Bulldreary" thus soliloquizes:—

"Th-thuppothe I-I am a w-widower, with f-four childwen, and my d-detheathed wife wath a w-widow, with two ch-childwen when I mawwied her:—if I mawwy m-my detheathed w-wife'th th-thither, w-what welation will her ch-childwen by her firth husthband be to m-my childwen by my f-firth wife? And w-what welation will my th-thecond wife be to m-my f-firth wife'th childwen? W-why, my f-firth wife'th childwen will b-become th-thonth and d-daughterth of their aunt, and b-bwotherth and th-thitherth to their c-c-conthenth, and m-my g-gwand childwen will be b-bwotherth and thitherth, and n-nephewth and neitheth, and c-conthens—and they may mawwy and—and—and then—who the d-dooth shall I be?"

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.—In a recent case of matrimonial difficulty in this city, Judge Paxson said he would hold the case under advisement for a week, giving the parties an opportunity to consider their position, and, if possible, agree together. Incidentally, he referred to the fact that a mother-in-law was the cause of difficulty in many of these cases, and suggested that it was better to live apart from the best of these relations.

Mothers, when they do live with their married sons or daughters, should be "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves"—and attend strictly to their own affairs. We should be loth to believe that many a mother-in-law was not thus a great comfort and blessing—especially to the little people.

☞ We wonder how many members of Congress will leave Washington this year with stock of the Northern Pacific Railroad in their pockets?

It is curious how time and ability cannot be found to reduce the heavy load of taxation under which the country is groaning, and yet time and ability can be found to give away millions of acres of the public lands, the common patrimony of the people.

Byron says something like this:—

"I've seen some nations, like o'erburdened asses,
Kick off their riders, the bad ruling classes."

☞ It is about as sensible in the Fenians to attack Canada, as it would be for a man to attack another, because he had a grudge against the latter's father-in-law.

☞ A gentleman in England recently bet £500 with a scientific Mr. Wallace, that the earth was not round, and that the surface of water was perfectly level. Mr. Wallace proved however by actual measurement that the unbeliever was wrong, and took the £500.

☞ When we see how the Irish masses are perpetually humbugged, by those who preach patriotism and mean pennies, we admit that *green* has been very appropriately chosen as the national color.

THE TARIFF.—The last movement was on Monday the 23d, under the engineering of Mr. Judd, of Chicago, who moved to take up and pass his short bill, which largely increases the free list and makes an average reduction of at least twenty-five per cent. in existing duties of articles not put on the free list. In the situation of business it required a two-thirds vote to put the bill through. He got twenty-two majority, but not the necessary two-thirds, and the movement failed. The Democrats voted solid to take up the measure. The Republicans were divided, eighty being against it and fifty for it. No such measure probably can be passed, as it will require two-thirds to take it up, unless the Committee of Ways and Means will report a bill to that effect, which is not probable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE THEORY OF NATURAL SELECTION. A Series of Essays. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, author of "The Malay Archipelago," etc. Published by Macmillan & Co., London, and 63 Bleeker street, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

This volume consists of ten ably written essays by Mr. Wallace, originally published in various English periodicals, or read before scientific societies. It is very valuable to all students of natural history.

DRIVEN TO SEA; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF NORRIE SETON. By Mrs. GEORGE CUPPLES. Published by Horace B. Fuller, 14 Bromfield street, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. This is a story by an English lady, the wife of a former officer in the British Navy. There is not a dull chapter in the book, and it will find much favor with lovers of adventure.

LIFE AND ALONE. A Novel. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Turner & Co., 808 Chestnut st., Philada.

THE YOUNG SHIP-BUILDERS OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG, author of "Lion Ben of Elm Island," "Charlie Bell of Elm Island," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Turner & Co., Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The June number contains the continuation of Bayard Taylor's graphic and interesting story, "Joseph and his Friend," "Drives from a French Farm," "Logic of Marriage and Murder," &c. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for May. Published by the Leonard Scott Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber & Co., Philada.

The Fenian Folly.

ST. ALBANS, VT., May 25.—At half-past eleven o'clock, this forenoon, the Fenians who had been for several hours previous busy in unpacking their arms and otherwise getting ready for action, at Hulbard's Corner, half a mile beyond Franklin, took up their line of march, and when they arrived near the house of Alvah Richards, about twenty rods this side of the border, they halted, and General O'Neill made the following speech:

"Soldiers—This is the advance guard of the Irish-American army for the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of the oppressor. For your own country you now enter that of the enemy. The eyes of your countrymen are upon you. Forward, march."

The advance company was from Burlington, and was commanded by Captain Wm. Cronan, of that city. At the conclusion of General O'Neill's address the captain lifted his hat and replied:—

"General—I am proud that Vermont has the honor of leading this advance. Ireland may depend upon us to do our duty."

The advance was then resumed by flank on the open road, and as Captain Cronan's company passed Richard's house, and were descending a little hill, toward the line, they were surprised by a sharp volley from some Canadian troops whose position had been concealed. Fire was instantly returned by Captain Cronan's men, and quite a sharp fire was kept up for some time. The Canadians were posted behind rocks and trees, and had, of course, the advantage of the "boys in green." It is reported that one Fenian was killed and Captain Cronan wounded in the thigh. The skirmish was witnessed by a number of citizens.

GENERAL O'NEILL'S ARREST.—United States Marshal Foster and Deputy Marshal Bailey took a commanding position part of the way up the hill, and were under fire all the time. At ten o'clock, when General O'Neill had gone to the right of his command, General Foster had his close carriage brought to near the position, and immediately arrested General O'Neill by virtue of the President's proclamation. The General said he refused to be arrested, and had a force which he would use for his protection.

The United States Marshal seeing a lot of Fenians close at hand, threw open the carriage door, and, with the help of Marshal Bailey, turned the Fenian leader into the back seat, the officials leaped into their seats, and their horses left in hot haste.

The General arrived at the Weldan House, in this village, at four o'clock. O'Neill was soon arraigned before the United States Commissioner, Jacob M. Smalley, for a violation of the Neutrality Laws. He waived an examination, and in default of $20,000 bail was taken to Burlington this evening, to be committed to jail.

NEW YORK, May 25.—Evening papers here have specials saying General O'Neill crossed the frontier at St. Albans last night at eight o'clock, remarking, "I'll never recross the lines unless I am victorious or dead."

THE MOVEMENT ON HUNTINGDON.—The telgrams from Toronto are as follows:

TORONTO, May 27.—The movement at Huntingdon began at 5 A. M. The Fenians constructed breastworks of rails across a field on the north bank of Trout river, and at 8 30 the Canadian troops came up and opened fire. The Fenians fired a few shots and took to their heels, being pursued to the boundary line, where their officers displayed revolvers and attempted to form them into line, but it was fruitless. There was not a single casualty on the Canadian side. The Fenians left a few wounded and one killed on the field.

LATER.—Detailed accounts from Trout river all agree that the rout of the Fenians this morning was complete. The firing had hardly commenced when all took to their heels in wild confusion, and got across the border as fast as possible. Not a man was wounded of the Canadian forces. The Fenian loss is not correctly ascertained as yet. Few prisoners were captured, and few are known to have been wounded.

A large number of Fenians left St. Albans for their homes yesterday, but a number still remain on the border. It is reported that one of the captured Fenians is to be hung to-day in Canada. Gen. Meade and other officers arrived at St. Albans last evening.

☞ Brigham Young paid $75 to take his family to a circus, the other day—and only took part of the children at that. Polygamy has its disadvantages.

☞ Louisa Muulbach is said to be highly incensed at the rapid decline of her popularity as a novelist in the United States. In her *salon* she always is said to speak of the reading public in America in disparaging terms.

☞ SWITCH-TENDERS—Hair-pins.

☞ Reporters are often unconsciously satirical. A morning paper says in an obituary: "Mr. ——— was an estimable citizen. He lived uprightly. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married."

More About California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Concerning You Bet and Quaker Hill.

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, May 18, 1870.

In my last epistle I wrote of flowers and budding loveliness, and now I have to dwell upon desolation beyond compare, of wide sweeps of vast hills rudely torn apart, the very bowels of the earth displayed to mortal ken, all nature devastated, and that by man's hand, in searching out the golden treasure. "The Great Blue Lead" is a term applied to those deposits of cement and gravel resting in a channel so well defined as to prove it indisputably to have been the bed of an ancient river. The blue color is due to the effect produced by organic matter, chiefly vegetable fibre, upon the sulphurets of iron which are the principal cementing material uniting gravel and sand into a firm conglomerate. When exposed to air and moisture, the blue color, yielding to the oxidizing influences, changes to yellow and red intermingled with other hues.

The Great Blue Lead, upon whose line You Bet, Red Dog, Quaker Hill and numerous other places of mining importance are situated, has already been traced out to an extent of a hundred miles from northwest to southeast, and varies in width from 60 to 400 feet. The fearful amount of destruction that has been wrought in prospecting for the richest gold deposits along this line must be seen to be comprehended, no words can adequately describe it. And yet an enthusiastic miner observed to me, "Oh! this is but a little scratching of the earth's surface, we have not begun to come to 'bed-rock' yet."

As I approached You Bet after a most interesting drive of ten miles up the mountains, a sight burst upon my gaze which I shall never forget. Before me was visible an extent of fifteen miles of the "Diggings" along this lead, including prominently those of You Bet, Red Dog and Chalk Bluffs. Fifteen miles of ruin and bewilderment, with bare mountain walls encompassing vast spaces that had been washed and dug out to a depth in many places of 200 feet and upwards from the earth's surface staring one in the face. It was startling and fearful to contemplate. Then the countless strata of earth visible, of varied hue and degree, awakened all my longings to know and understand fully the formation of this little planet Earth's crust.

At You Bet I entered a tunnel in Brown's "Gravel and Cement Diggings," and walking down an inclined plane 200 feet in length, found myself at last at the end of the tunnel, fifty feet in the perpendicular below the earth's surface. I carried in my hand a lighted taper, as did my guides, and underground we found the miners at work breaking the hard cement by main force with the pickaxe, and piling the fragments into the little car which was to carry it up to the stamp mill above ground. The miners' tapers were secured in holders, with sharp pointed ends, which served to fasten them to the tunnel wall. The subterranean scene was by no means without its charm, especially on account of the veil of novelty spread over it.

I had opportunity to closely examine the blue cement and note the presence of gold, which to the uninitiated is at first scarcely discernible from the still more abundant sulphurets. Then it was curious to trace out here and there a quartz vein, and to observe masses of pebbles firmly cemented together, and smoothly rounded boulders carried hither perhaps during the glacier epoch and polished by subsequent long-continued water action—all ages agone. Whilst scrutinizing the points of interest denoted to me as well as those I sought out for myself, I slipped upon the slimy plank upon which I was walking, and as there was beneath quite a deep gully for drainage, the accident might have proved quite disastrous, but—it did not. One of the gentlemen of the party, who is well accustomed to underground travelling, too, had a far more severe tumble about the same time, so I was not humiliated by my fall.

Coming out of the tunnel I was shown through the mill, saw the tremendous current of water that turns the wheel, and the stamps where the cement is crushed together, with the sluices where the gold is separated from the refuse matter. A fine specimen of gold-bearing cement was presented to me by Judge Brown, the proprietor, to add to my California cabinet, also some beautiful oak, pine and manzanita petrifactions, all highly polished by the action of water long ago. A lady whom I met, too, gave me a very clear quartz crystal, picked up in the vicinity. These quartz crystals, called California diamonds, when cut and polished are excessively brilliant.

We drove then to Chalk Bluffs, a few miles further above, along a road just wide enough for our carriage to pass, and which seemed in some points almost ready to cave in, having been washed out on either side to the depth of a hundred feet. Soon a new road must be engineered, but great an undertaking as this will be, it is spoken of as a matter of course, an utter regardlessness being shown amongst these gigantic proceedings of labor and expense. Chalk Bluffs displays a wide margin of white, chalky soil, and its hydraulic-washed, bared claims, resembling, as it were, huge basins scooped out of mighty hill-sides, present a curious, almost dazzling spectacle. Leaving the carriage, we made our way down a steep declivity into the midst of one of these huge basins. There we found, partly embedded in the earth, partly scattered about loose, beautiful varieties of petrified wood. Sometimes our feet would by chance loosen from its earthy bed a rare specimen that had lain in that very spot awaiting our coming who knows how many thousand years. These things are calculated to awaken a world of queries and reflections. Think of the long-continued action of water that had turned to hardest stone what once was a living growth! Then wonder how long the stream that once flowed here has been turned from its source and wherefore—and the cry struggles up overwhelmingly: More Light! More Light! More Knowledge!

We collected some beautiful specimens down there; amongst other things, a piece of the petrified root of an oak, covered over with a curious crystalization, and weighing fifty-two pounds. This, one of our gentlemen actually lugged up the side of what one might as well term a precipice, to where the carriage stood—the distance, I presume, of over a quarter of a mile. As we drove once more through the town of You Bet, we were stopped by some miners of whom we had previously inquired in what locality it would be best to seek petrifications. Fearing we might not succeed in finding the best, they had made up quite a valuable collection for us. There was in fact such a large box-full, that I was constrained to exclaim:—"There is one thing more I want, boys." Supposing it to be some specimen they had failed to procure, they good-naturedly signified themselves in readiness to accede to any request, and seemed heartily amused when I continued: "I want you to charter an entire car to carry me and my treasures East, otherwise the freight charges I shall incur will be my ruin."

Later, I visited Quaker Hill, several miles north-east of You Bet, where are situated the "Hydraulic Diggings" of Messrs. Geo. F. Jacobs & A. A. Sargent, the latter representative to the U. S. Congress from this state at present. Some idea of the extent of these claims may be formed by the statement that these gentlemen own here a thousand acres of mining land which have been prospected and worked at several points to considerable extent, although Mr. Jacobs, who is managing partner, considers there has been but a beginning made. In the approach, one does not obtain the same idea of vastness as in the vicinity of You Bet; there is not so wide a range of mining country visible because the Quaker Hill lands are at rather a lower altitude. Nevertheless one becomes fully impressed with the extent of the operations carried on here upon entering the road that leads directly into the heart of the principal diggings being worked at present. That same road, by the way, was fearful to contemplate; the heads of the horses at many points were about on a line with the hind wheels of the waggon—indeed I do not exaggerate.

Down in the fearful chasm I stood more fascinated than ever before by the working of the hydraulic hose, whose current was directed against a bank upwards of one hundred and fifty feet in height, sweeping before it alike gravel and huge rocks, until finally the bank gave way from above and caved in with a noise as of a thundering cannon report—then the hose would be directed to another point with the same result. The entire effect was calculated to inspire one with a dizzy awe. Then the strange surroundings made their impression. Here the water pouring in with mad fury through the ditches, there the current, after it had been appropriated carrying off the refuse matter and seeking its escape with equal wildness; and everywhere, across ditch, sluice, and gully, narrow planks or fallen trees, over which the miners walk from point to point, sometimes at so giddy a height as to make one's heart stand still to look on. Enormous roots of trees lay scattered around where they had been hurled from the earth's surface as the spot where they were growing was disturbed by the caving bank.

Words give indeed but a poor idea of this; and I heartily wish that every one who is capable of discerning the lessons that may here be unfolded, could stand in the midst as I have done.

AUBER FORESTIER.

White Savages.

It has been frequently asserted and as often denied that some of those Indians who harass the border were really white men plumed and painted; but we have now General Sherman's official declaration that, "in a recent case between Fort Hayes and Camp Supply, the Indians, on being captured, turned out to be white men in disguise." The reader will also remember that in the case of the late horrible outrage at Ladore, Kansas, it was stated in the first despatch that it was thought the ruffians who so brutally maltreated two girls were either Texans *or Indians*, whereas when the villains were brought to the gallows they were found to be white men, one and all, from the Eastern States. These cases, coming so close together and in a time of a threatened war upon the Indians for alleged outrages, would seem to imply that while the red men are no doubt bad enough—rendered so, we believe, in most cases, by wrongs done to them in the first instance—they should not be held responsible for all the outrages on the border. A little soap and water might reveal many an Apache rape or murder to be the work of white men.—*N. Y. World.*

☞ The word "heart" is named 800 times in the Bible, the word "soul" 440 times, and the word "head" only 80 times.

☞ FAIRY TALES.—Sir William Hamilton was as fond of fairy tales as a child, yet some stupid teachers condemn works of imagination as tending necessarily to a loss of mental vigor.

☞ It is said that one United States Senator congratulated another Senator (Sumner) who had just concluded one of his great efforts, thus: "A great speech—the best speech I ever heard delivered by a man—who knew so little about his subject."

☞ Game is very plenty on the Pacific road—that is, euchre and seven up.

☞ There is a child in Franklin, Me., with five grandmothers. Won't he live in clover?

☞ PUNISHMENT ENOUGH.—A man with four wives was brought before Hans Swarhart, a Mohawk Justice, for commitment on the charge of bigamy.

"Four vifes?" exclaimed the astonished Hans, "four vifes! dat vas a most hinocious crimes! Discharch him at vonst."

"Why?" protested the prosecutor. "Why discharge him when the proof is positive? Will the Court explain?"

"Yes, I eckshplains. Off he lifs mit four vifes he got bunishment enough. I lif mit von, and I got too much bunishment already."

☞ A contemporary thinks the Big Horn Expedition has come out at the little end thereof.

☞ The negroes in New York city did considerable at the repeating line in the last election. The officials declare that their color gives them a decided advantage in this line, it being often difficult to tell one darkey from another.

☞ A farmer in the town of Washington, Iowa, has succeeded in making a fine quality of sugar from the sap of the box elder. It very much resembles maple sugar.

☞ Two clergymen, a Baptist and a Congregationalist, formerly of Berkshire County, were once riding together, when it began to rain, at which Brother B——— expressed some dissatisfaction. Whereupon Brother C——— remarked, "I thought you were fond of *water*." "I am; but I abhor these *sprinklings*," was the quick reply.

☞ A young lady being told by a friend that silk dresses were very much worn, replied that she knew it, for hers had two or three holes in it.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—9000 bbls sold at from $4,50@5 for superfine; $5@5,25 for extra; $5,25@5,50 for Wisconsin family; $5,75@6,30 for Minnesota family; $5,50@6,25 for Penna family; $5,75@6,50 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $6,75@8 50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour; 800 bbl- at $5,25.

GRAIN—18,000 bus prime Penna red sold at $1,29@1,40 ₱ bus; 26,000 bus Western red at $1,28@1,32; 6 00 bus prime Delaware red at $1,32@1,40, and 4000 bus white at $1,40@1,50 ₱ bus. Rye; 2000 bus at $1@1,03, and $1,06@1,10 ₱ bus for Penna. Corn; 60,000 bus Western mixed at $1,06@1,08, and 40,000 bus prime Penna and Delaware yellow at $1 ₱ bus. Oats; 34,000 bus at 67@68c for light Delaware; 62@65c for Penna, and 61@65c ₱ bus for Western.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new Mess Pork at $22,50@23. Mess Beef at $21@22 ₱ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $22@25 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@19½c; Excelsior Hams at 20c; Sides at 16@18c, and Shoulders at 13½@13½c. Lard—Sales of 200 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 17½c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 25@30c. Cheese—Sales at 15@18½c. Eggs sell at 20@21c ₱ doz.

COTTON—800 bales Middlings sold at 23@23¼c for Uplands, and 23¼@24c ₱ ℔ for New Orleans. Closing at 23@24c.

BARK—40 hhds of No 1 Quercitron sold at $27 ₱ ton.

FEATHERS—Prime Western at 78@80c ₱ ℔.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at @5@6 for Western and New York. Dried Peaches and Apples—Sales Apples at 5@8c, and Peaches at 7@8c for quarters, 8@9c for halves, and 17@20c for pared. Blackberries at 11½@12½c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 ℔s, $1,35@1,40; mixed do, $1,20@1,25; Straw, $1,20@1,40.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is little doing; sales of foundry at $23@$28 for No. 1, and $21 ₱ ton for No. 2. Bar Iron is quoted at $70@77 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed at $6@8,25. Timothy at $7@8. Flaxseed at $2,25 ₱ bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1186 head. The prices realized from 10¼@10¾ cts ₱ ℔. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 80 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6c ₱ ℔. 2900 Hogs sold at from $11,50 to 12,75 ₱ 100 ℔s.

Any person desiring work as agent, by addressing at once E. THOMPSON, Hoboken, N. J., will learn of something that will net them from $18 to $30 a week. may26-3m

☞ Messrs. WANAMAKER & BROWN, of this city, claim to have the largest clothing house in America. Even New York, they say, cannot boast of an establishment like Oak Hall. We have purchased clothing there repeatedly, and been well suited as to cut and price. ap30-tf

You cannot do a better thing for your wife on a washing day than provide her a Doty Washer and a Universal Wringer. It will keep aches from her back and arms, wrinkles from her forehead, and roughness from her hands. It will do the work of a hired woman and save your linen from being scrubbed out and her temper from being chafed out. —*New York Weekly Tribune, March* 22, 1870.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have had a Grover & Baker Family Sewing Machine for ten years, and would not give it for any other machine that I now know of. It has never been out of repair. For embroidering it far surpasses any other machine I have ever seen, and for quilting I don't think there is any machine that can equal it."—*Mrs. T. A. Daniel, Frankfort, Ky.*

"Bread Cast upon the Waters." If the Great Providence has not literally cast bread upon the waters, He has planted the elements of wholesome nourishment on the rocks, in the shape of Sea Moss, from which the *Sea Moss Farine* is made. This new article has everywhere won "golden opinions of all sorts of people," and the housekeepers of the land generally regard it in the double light of a staple necessary and a delicious luxury; for while its use lessens the expense of living, the exquisite dishes prepared from it cannot be obtained even at an extravagant cost, from any other source. Scientific committees, hotel keepers, professional cooks, ladies who superintend their own kitchens, physicians, nurses, dyspeptics and invalids of every class bear witness of these facts. To this mass of indorsements we unhesitatingly add our own; and without fear of contradiction say that the blanc mange, puddings, custards, &c., are the most delicious we have ever tasted.

"A Standard Remedy."

Such an article is *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment.* It has stood before the public for 20 years, and has never failed giving satisfaction in a single instance. Every drop of this valuable compound is mixed by Dr. Tobias himself, therefore, it can always be relied upon. It is warranted superior to any other for the cure of chronic rheumatism toothache, headache, sore throat, vomiting, frosted feet, mumps, croup, burns, cuts, sea sickness, insect stings, sprains, cholera, colic, spasms, dysentery, bruises, colds, coughs, old sores, swellings, pains in the limbs, back and chest. There is no medicine in the world that stands more on its own merits than the "Venetian Liniment." Thousands of certificates can be seen at the doctor's office, attesting to its rare virtues. Sold by all druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Price, 50 cents and one dollar per bottle. Depot, 10 *Park Place*, New York. jed-1m

How to Look Young—Sixteen.

Don't paint or use vile hair restorers, but simply apply Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and use Lyon's Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion pearly, soft and natural, and you can't tell what did it. It removes freckles, tan, sallowness, ring marks, moth patches, etc.; and in place of a red, rustic face, you have the marble purity of an exquisite belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of perpetual youth. Add these effects to a splendid head of hair produced by the Kathairon, and a lady has done her best in the way of adornment. Brothers will have no spinster sisters when these articles are around. jed-1m

Fits, Fits.

This valuable medicine has cured hundreds of epileptic fits, spasms and convulsions, and it is the only reliable remedy known; the medicine most wanted is that which will afford a speedy and effectual *cure*, as Grimley's Nervine Cordial, the compound of a qualified practitioner in Europe. Send for sample bottle free of charge. Sold only by THOMAS GRIMLEY, Druggist, jed-tf 333 Fourth Avenue, New York.

A Roll of Female Hair.

Measuring six feet long, is in the possession of a London Hair Dealer. Evidently the lady had used *"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."*

LONDON WHICH DOES PRODUCE HAIR RESTORER.
LONDON HAIR RESTORER.
LONDON THE MOST GLORIOUS HAIR HAIR RESTORER.
LONDON HAIR RESTORER.

In all its youthful color, lustre, softness and beauty. Only 75 cents a bottle. Sold by all dealers and Dr. Swayne & Son, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. myT-eowtf

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap2-3m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains no LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. ap16-3m

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of waste, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

The Living Machine.

Injure the main spring of a watch and every portion of the works becomes disordered. The human stomach is to the human system what that elastic piece of metal is to a chronometer. It influences the action of the other organs, and controls, to a certain extent, the whole living machine. The comparison may be carried further; for as the weakness or other imperfections of the main spring is indicated on the face of the time-piece, so also is the weakness or other disorder of the stomach betrayed by the face of the invalid. The complexion is sallow or faded, the eyes are deficient in lustre and intelligence, and there is a worn, anxious expression in the whole countenance which tell as plainly as written words could do, that the *great nourishing organ* whose office it is to minister to the wants of the body, and to sustain and renew all its parts, is not performing its duty. It requires renovating and regulating, and to accomplish this end HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS may be truly said to be *the one thing needful.* The broken main spring of a watch may be replaced by a new one, but the stomach can only be repaired and strengthened, and this is one of the objects of the famous vegetable restorative which for eighteen years has been waging a successful contest with dyspepsia in all climates. As a specific for indigestion it stands alone. When the resources of the pharmacopœia have been exhausted, without, at best, doing more than mitigating the complaint, a course of this wholesome and palatable, yet powerful, stomachic effects a perfect and permanent cure. In all cases of dyspepsia the liver is more or less disordered, and upon this important gland, as well as upon the stomach and bowels, the Bitters act with singular distinctness, regulating and reinvigorating every secretive and assimilating organ on which bodily and mental health depend. jed-1m

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co., 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th of May, by the Rev. John F. Chaplain, D. D., Mr. THEODORE F. WEISS to Miss MARY A. FITTOE, both of this city.

On the 17th of May, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. JONATHAN B. HETHELL to Miss HELEN M. RUDDIMAN, both of this city.

On the 18th of May, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. HERMAN HOFKNIGHT to Miss MARY A. JAUSS, both of this city.

On the 18th of May, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, WILLIAM T. BENNER, of this city, to MARY E., daughter of James Deno of Camden, N. J.

On the 19th of April, by the Rev. J. R. Smith, Mr. EDWARD HOFFMAN to Miss ANNIE F. COLLINS, both of this city.

On the 18th of May, by the Rev. Alexander Reed, Mr. B. FRANK JENKINS to Miss AMELIA STOFFEL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of May, MARGARET, wife of John Henry, in her 38th year.

On the 24th of May, THOMAS W. SWAYNE, in his 31st year.

On the 23d of May, ANDREW MYERS, in his 45th year.

On the 23d of May, GEORGE W. LAWRENCE, aged 45 years.

On the 23d of May, FREDERICK HAFFNER, in his 43d year.

On the 23d of May, WILLIAM COLLADAY, in his 78th year.

On the 23d of May, ALICE M. KENNEY, aged 26 years.

On the 21st of May, Mrs. LYDIA A., wife of Wm. H. Robinson, in her 26th year.

On the 21st of May, Mrs. ELIZABETH SOUDERS, in her 83d year.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

SUNSHINE ON THE SEA.

There are blossoms on the cherry
  There are blossoms on the pear,
And my heart is light and merry
  With the hope that blossoms there;
For the sorrow and the weeping
  Wintry tempests brought to me,
In the past are calmly sleeping
  Now there's sunshine on the sea.
I am looking for my lover
  (Who is true as truth to me),
Now the wintry storms are over
  And there's sunshine on the sea.

"When the bloom of pear and cherry
  Are white upon the tree,
When you see the bud and berry,
  Then look out, my love, for me."
So he said when last we parted,
  While my tears rained on the deck,
For I felt half broken hearted
  In my dread of storm and wreck.
Now each springtide bud and blossom
  Brings my own love nearer me,
And the sunshine in my bosom
  Is the sunshine on the sea.

Anecdote of Henry Clay.

Mr. Clay was a Western man, and any measure he supposed would aid the great West always had his support.

Some immigrants from the Rhine happened to settle at Vevay, Indiana, and conceived the idea, then a new one, that American grapes would make good wine. The experiment was tried, and proved a success.

A present of half-a-dozen bottles was sent to Mr. Clay, who, as might be supposed, was in raptures over the success attending the experiment.

A couple of bottles were carefully put aside to be taken to Washington, in order to have it tested and sampled by the wine-bibbers of that city.

In those days members of Congress travelled either on horseback or by carriages to the Federal city. Mr. Clay had his own carriage, and used it on the journey. When the tired horse came to a hill, Mr. Clay took advantage of the circumstance to stretch his weary limbs by walking to the top; but so anxious was he for the safety of his wine that was to show that the West could produce an article not inferior to that made on the Rhine, that he carefully and tenderly carried a bottle in each hand, lest they should be broken.

Arriving at Washington, the wine was presented to Mr. Madison, then President of the United States, who, to show off its good quality, gave a large dinner party in honor of the event.

The fact that Mr. Clay had presented the President with a couple of bottles of Western wine, made of the juice of Western grapes, was made public, and a small quantity given to each guest to taste. Each sip was succeeded by a wry face, yet all, as a matter of course, pronounced it excellent, superb, magnificent.

As is the case with all general rules, there was, of course, one exception, in the person of a bluff member of Congress, said to be ex-Governor Vance, of Ohio, who, turning to Mr. Clay, with a quizzical look, said—

"Mr. Clay, this may be excellent wine, but it tastes to me like Kentucky whiskey, and mean whiskey at that."

Mr. Clay seized his glass and tasted, paused a moment, and then was forced to "acknowledge the corn." The sons of Mr. Clay, as anxious as Mr. Clay to taste the Western wine, had opened the bottles at home, drank the contents, and filled them with whiskey, and the Great Commoner, knowing nothing of the fact, had carried the new-made whiskey in old wine bottles to Washington, to have it stamped as Western wine.

The joke, so the tale goes, was so good a one that Mr. Clay forgave the juvenile trespassers, and none enjoyed it more than he, though he was the victim.

☞ A French gardener, finding a piece of woollen cloth which had lodged in a tree covered with caterpillars, acted upon the idea suggested, and placed woollen rags in several trees. Every morning he found them covered with caterpillars, which he easily removed.

SHADOWS.

Oh sadly fall on hill and lea
  The shadows of the weary day;
And, wafted from the wailing sea,
  A low, long murmur seems to say,
    To say:
  Shine on, thou golden sun;
  Thine hour will soon be done!
    Ah! well-a-day!"

Cold drives the rain upon the world,
  And homeless is the north wind's cry;
And, 'mid the darkness thickly curled,
  Sad tunes of sorrow seem to sigh,
    To sigh:
  "Bloom on, thou shining rose,
  Thy short life soon will close,
    For thou must die!"

Oh sadly fall on loving hearts
  The shadows of life's weary way,
And, heedless of the tear that starts,
  A mournful message seems to say,
    To say:
  "Thee and thy love the tomb
  Soon, soon will fold in gloom;
    Ah! well-a-day!"

The Constancy of Lovers.

FROM A LONDON PERIODICAL.

There are very few men who have not, at some time or other, been disappointed in love; for the simple reason that most men have been frequently in love, while permission to marry all their sweethearts is ungraciously denied them by our laws and statutes. When, at the mature age of twenty-five, Alfred is heard to rate constancy as one of the greatest of virtues, and to lament its decadence in modern society, it is clear that he does not consider the predicament he would be in if all the young persons who have, during his brief but varied career in love-making, exchanged vows with him, had actually possessed that gift of constancy. There would probably be something like half a dozen claimants for the honorable climax of matrimony; and the young man's position, in face of these applications, would be rather unpleasant.

"But," he says, "had one of my sweethearts been constant, there would have been no necessity for me to go flirting with the others."

No necessity, certainly; but all the same the young gentleman, in the most harmless fashion, would have flitted away to fresh experiments and conquests, in spite of the seductive offer of one particular virgin. He forgets all this. He remembers only that, at a certain season of a certain year, he was engaged in sweet converse with her who is now the wife of a medical officer on the coast of Malabar. She had wonderful eyes, the tiniest feet, the softest of voices; they used to walk together in the summer evenings, down in country lanes; and the light of love was abroad over the earth, and the world had grown beautiful. It is some time since then. He does not recollect the circumstances sufficiently well to know that they both woke up from this pleasant dream about the same time—that their intimacy gradually cooled—that his gentle friend, being of a practical turn of mind, went directly and married a man who was able to keep a wife—and that, although he was a little pained by the circumstance, he did not break his heart over it. But now, seen through the rosy haze of years, all these circumstances wear a different look. He is almost moved to tears when he reads some poet's pathetic outcry against the ruin caused by a faithless woman. He, too, has suffered. The beautiful white lily of love was nipped by the cold winds of calculation; and it was the avarice and the faithlessness of a woman that bestowed upon him also the legacy of sorrow he bears about in his bosom. Under the influence of this poetic stimulus, he indulges in a mild burst of misanthropy, and perhaps looks in the glass to see if his appearance resembles Edward Morin's pictures of Conrad the Corsair. He would, probably, in these brief fits of Wertherism, exhibit his contempt for women in savage sarcasm, but for the fact that youths of twenty-five are not, generally speaking, good at epigrams.

After all, this only amounts to saying that men are as inconstant as women, seeing that, as a rule, men and women alike fall in love, and fall out again, several times before their marriage. When we come to the circumstances which cause this inconstancy in both sexes, we are confronted by a good many problems, social and physiological. The time at which people ought to marry is the first of these. If you will have a woman exhibit the virtue of constancy—that is to say, if she is to marry her first love—she must marry, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, remarkably young. If she is to exhibit no symptom of irresolution in her affections, she must take the first who engages them. She may repent of her choice, when it is too late; but then she has been constant. That cooling down of her love which is very likely to follow would, were she single, break off the connection, and pave the way for another intimacy with another lover more suited to the requirements of her nature. As it is, she is married, and must bear the yoke. The habit of conjugality is strong upon her; and, as she sees plenty of her neighbors who live a married life with apparently very little of the love that ought to accompany it, she is content to follow their example.

The common argument against a man's marrying his first love is that, at this age, he does not know his own mind. We beg to observe that the majority of men never do know their own minds in love-affairs, and drift into happy or unhappy marriages pretty much by chance. The man who can stop to calculate the possibilities of his marriage, and who can withdraw at the bidding of his reason, is not very deeply in love. As to the other arguments about the responsibilities of life accumulating too soon upon a young man, and involving inextricably his whole future, they are so frequently brought up in homilies public and private, that we need not stay to discuss them here. We only venture to put the question, whether, supposing that such an early love-marriage should really interfere with a young man's prospects, and even seriously compromise his future, he has not, after all, gained a profitable bargain. Such a marriage is the very crown and flower of life. Might not six months of such extreme happiness—to take a moderate computation—be worth more than all the self-complacent and measured joy that could be compressed into an ordinarily prosperous career, even should that be accompanied by the affectionate presence of a faithful wife? We do not say that it would. We beg to assure startled moralists that we do not dream of giving any such wild counsel to our young lady readers as that they should imperil their future for the sake of a few months of great happiness which may leave nothing behind it but the sadness of a sweet memory. We leave the problem as it stands, confident that lovers are not likely to argue the point before they advance boldly to its solution.

Even among these, however, who are deeply affectionate and disinterested in their nature—who would go the length of summing up existence, like Alfred de Musset, in a single line:

"Love is everything—the rest nothing,"

there are cases perpetually occurring in which constancy is an impossibility, and where a simulation of it would be a cruel blunder. We can imagine no greater mistake in life than for a man or woman to preserve an apparent constancy in action after their affections have gone away from the person to whom they were pledged. It is a mistake which is frequently committed, we know, but it is not less a mistake. It is a burlesque of honor, and a violation of truth; and yet it is the sacrifice which many an ardent lover demands. His sweet mistress promised to marry him, one quiet summer evening, when a sudden access of affection made them picture the future as if it could only be a repetition of the present. It was a beautiful picture, doubtless, and in the faith that it would become reality, they gave each other tender assurances of constancy, and swore to be husband and wife. Now some three years are over and gone, and the lover returns to claim the promised prize. During his absence, the girl has grown to be a woman, and she has acquired very different notions of the world. In spite of herself—in spite of all these little vigils, and tokens, and duties by which a woman may preserve the memory of a man—the old love has insensibly faded away. She regards with dismay his return. Her first impulse is to meet him frankly, tell him the whole story, and beg him, for both their sakes, to release her from the engagement. Then, again, she shrinks from the pain she knows she will inflict upon him. She shrinks, also, from lowering herself in his opinion and the opinion of their friends, who will look upon her as a heartless and faithless creature, unworthy of the patient devotion with which he has labored for her and thought of her during that long separation. Very probably some strange notion of duty will prompt her to go and sacrifice herself to this pledge, which is now a mockery and a delusion. Even suppose she musters up sufficient courage to tell him that, during these years, she has come to think differently, and that she is afraid her affection is not such as should subsist between husband and wife, he is likely to overcome her scruples by his vehemence. Does she love somebody else? he demands. No. Has she anything to find fault with in him? No. Then is not this strange notion merely a whim, a caprice? Will not use and wont revive the old love, even should it have been partially faded? Has he not sufficient love to make their union a happy one? And so forth, and so forth—the venerable protestations which lovers, from time immemorial, have uttered. Add to these his declaration that, if she does not marry him, she will break his heart and ruin his life; he will blow his brains out, or enlist as a soldier, or do something equally wild and unnecessary. Trembling, excited, and deeply commiserating her lover's plight, the girl resolves to remain "constant." She meets him at the altar, and promises what she knows she cannot perform. She enters her new sphere of life with little of hope, if not with downright aversion; and the consequences of that act may involve two lives in misery. Yet she has shown herself a miracle of constancy; and the world will applaud her good conduct.

As to the causes which may lead to this falling away of love, they are too many in number to be particularized here. It cannot be too urgently impressed on social censors that a woman may honestly pledge herself to remain affectionate towards one man, and may, in despite of her best endeavors, shift her affections towards somebody else. What is true of women is true of men. There are many people who are by nature incapable of constancy; and these are generally persons of an impulsive, generous, and affectionate disposition, who cannot live without the gratification of loving and being loved. They are so profusely affectionate, that they will turn with delight to any new object which will afford them the mild stimulus of falling in love. A woman of this kind will be honestly in love with one man, and then, after he has been absent from her for a little space of time, she will, in spite of herself, fall to thinking kindly of some new friend, whom she will quietly allow to take his place. She must love somebody, and it is so much easier to love some one who is beside her, and paying her pretty attentions, than to support a love upon correspondence and tender memories. She must love that which is nearest to her. We do not say that she fulfils the ideal of womanhood, or that she is anything but an affectionate, feeble, untrustworthy woman, who honestly obeys her own weak instincts. But that she does honestly obey them is an obvious fact; and there is no more use in quarrelling with her for her inconstancy than in quarrelling with the tides for following the moon. Instead of lashing her with savage scorn, we should say that her victim deserves what he has got for the blunder he made in not being able to read her character.

Difficulties connected with worldly circumstances contribute by far the largest quota of broken vows; and although one cannot advance such considerations as a very honorable or lofty excuse for inconstancy, there can be no doubt of their pertinency. The tenderest of lovers cannot live always on hope; and it must be remembered that waiting to a man is much less serious than to a woman. While he is fighting his way in the world, she is gradually getting older. There is a very charming Tyrolese song which puts the case with sufficient plainness. The first three verses contain the absent lover's declaration of his passion. He is dying for very love of her. He has twisted a garland of flowers, and he has bound his heart in it—

"Denn du weisst es ja zu wohl,
  Dass ich den Strauss dir geben soll."

The last verse gives the maiden's reply. She is a practical creature:

"Him whom I love, he is so far away;
  Him whom I love not see I every day."

And she closes with the natural question that, as she does not wish to remain always unmarried, what is she to do? It is very pleasant to have a lover, and she would wed him if it were possible; but, as it seems impossible, she must even take the nearest offer. Such conduct, of course, is in defiance of the canons of fiction; but then she is not a heroine of romance, and she does what large numbers of her sex are doing every year. They would like to marry the young man who first made love to them; but he, not having the wherewithal to stock a house, goes out into the world to seek his fortune. A bitter good-bye is said, rings, and locks of hair saturated with tears, are exchanged, and two empty and aching hearts are separated. He goes to New York, or Nankin, or St. Petersburg, and for a year or two devotes enormous quantities of writing-paper to the reiteration of his affection. The girl he left behind him would fain remain faithful; but the prospect of their marriage is as distant as ever; for it is not every young man who can set the Thames, or the Hudson, or the Yang-tse-Kiang on fire; and her youth is gradually leaving her. If she were heroic, of course she might resolve to sacrifice her chances of marriage on the altar of her love; but then the majority of women (out of novels) are not heroic. The end of it is that she marries somebody else; and when, some years after, her former lover returns, he finds that her vows are all "*gebrochen, das Ringlein ist entzwei.*"

Absence produces a good deal of inconstancy by merely inducing reflection. When all the excitement and mystery of love-making is to the fore, the young people have not time to look around and examine their position. Their immediate care is about smuggled letters and hastily-snatched kisses, about stolen interviews and tender leave-takings. The business of love-making takes up a good deal of time—that is to say, if you go into it with the wild gusto of seventeen and twenty-one. Even where there is no angry parent to keep the lovers apart, common decency demands that they shall not be always together. Society has its claims on both Corydon and Phyllis, much as both these young people detest society and try to avoid the claims. If Phyllis must accompany her petulant grandmamma to church, be sure that Corydon is in some distant pew. There will be no sleeping during sermon on the part of these two. There will be little stolen glances and tender looks; and the chances are that Phyllis will so far forget herself and the place she is in as to raise the tips of her two small fingers (in the most discreetly cautious fashion, while the charming little hypocrite pretends to be listening attentively to the sermon) to her lips; and Corydon will be beside himself with joy. If Phyllis goes with a party to the Opera, you will find Corydon in the stalls, covertly looking up at the box. Indeed, he devotes his whole life to dogging her footsteps; and she knows it, and likes it; while the two little cheats, when they meet, will profess not to have seen each other for such a long time, and be formally courteous, to the delight of Phyllis's prudent mamma. All this mystery and romance is the very charm of love; and while it is possible nothing else is heeded by them. But suppose that Corydon is compelled to join his ship, and gets sent away from England for a couple of years; Phyllis then becomes able to see what it all means. In the first place, her lover is a younger son, with very remote chances of ever being able to keep a house over his head, considering that he is now only a second-lieutenant. Then she remembers that he is somewhat hasty in temper, and, to other people than herself, sometimes insufferably rude. Again, it is well known that nearly all the male members of his family have died of *delirium tremens*—which is itself a consideration. Not only do such reflections cause her to ponder over the situation, but in the interval of his absence she is every day growing wiser. She begins to see what are the true requirements for that long life-partnership she was about to enter into so heedlessly; she begins to learn that life cannot consist of lovers' interviews; and that there are nobler characteristics in a man than the ability to arrange a meeting by bribing a servant. But even although she treasures her affection, and resolves to be faithful to her absent lover, it is only too probable that she may see him with other eyes when he returns home. Just on the verge of womanhood a girl gains a dozen years' experience in every twelve months. She is wiser than when he left; she has seen other men and compared them. Perhaps he returns with his qualities more strongly marked; and she sees with dismay that a marriage with him will only be productive of misery to both. In such a case, we say inconstancy is her obvious duty. To enter into a marriage with apprehension, and perhaps dislike, merely because she, as an inexperienced girl, pledged herself to do so, is at once a blunder and a crime. The truth may be bitter to both of them; but it is better to be told at once.

We must remark, however, that if we have, in the preceding paragraphs, represented the inconstancy as arising on the part of the woman, we have only obeyed a habit that has become general both in conversation and literature. It seems to be taken for granted that if an engagement is ruptured, it must be the woman who has done it. We fancy that the impression has grown up of women being more inconstant than men, chiefly from the fact that men complain more than women of inconstancy. If a woman is disappointed in love, she keeps her sorrow to herself; but if a man suffers in the same way, he forthwith howls out his rage and despair to the universe. Hitherto men have had nearly a monopoly in the literary world, (the tendency is the other way now,) and, as literature abounds with denunciations of inconstancy, the dreadful examples have been mostly women. Every one however, looking round the circle of his or her acquaintance, must know that their male friends have had three or four love-affairs for every one permitted to the women, and that the men, much more than the women, are ready to enter at any moment into a desperate flirtation, with such consequences as they do not stay to consider.

In this connection, it must be said that there are many men and women who cannot resist the fascination of falling in love, but who draw back the instant the situation becomes serious. It is only the earlier stages of love-making that have this powerful fascination for them; and when at length the course of true love does seem to be running smoothly towards the goal of matrimony, they suddenly get out of the way, and are off after fresh conquests. This making of love for the pleasure of making love produces terrible havoc among the unsuspecting novices who are sent up from the country at the beginning of each London season; and yet we should be loth to say that these become the victims of a heartless caprice. Out of novels one never meets the terrible flirt who pursues his or her baleful career for the very purpose of tearing hearts asunder; but in actual life we do meet with men and women who simply cannot help making love, in an innocent fashion, to some pretty partner, and carrying on the amusement until they are suddenly checked and frightened by its becoming serious. They themselves fall in love a little way, and are quite honest and sincere at the time in their protestations of devotion. It is possible that, in a moment of enthusiasm, they may even contemplate marriage, so charmed are they with their companion *pro tem.* But, so soon as the pursuit is over, so soon as all the difficulties of the case are removed, and there remains nothing but the climax of an engagement and matrimony, so soon is the charm of the situation gone. These dram-drinkers in love do not contemplate any result from their temporary amusement; and, when the excitement of the chase is over, they quickly turn aside, and start other game. Hence many a bitter wound such as the world wots not of.

If we have said so much in excuse of inconstancy, it is only by way of palliating that which is necessary and inevitable. There are, as we say, many social and physiological reasons why lovers should be breaking their vows; and these should be taken into account before we heap scorn and contumely on some poor little woman of eighteen or nineteen who is beside herself to know how she is to reconcile the duty which society demands of her with the somewhat erratic promptings of her own heart. But all that does not interfere with one's admiration of the beautiful virtue of constancy, as it is sometimes seen, when a noble woman, hoping against hope, diligently fleeing from all temptation, and with never a notion that she is sacrificing herself, keeps loyal to the love of her youth, and remains loyal to it even when her lover has forsaken her, and she is left a middle-aged and rather sad woman, with nothing but a few tender recollections to fall back upon. For the credit of human nature, such a spectacle is sometimes seen among us. Utilitarians may prove that such devotion on her part is unreasoning and foolish; but there is something far more beautiful in such folly than in the remarkably wide-awake theories which are said to govern the affections of our modern young ladies.

The Death of the Lion.

Perhaps no case of royalty in reduced circumstances is so sad as that of the lion in his latter days. Frequent as are, in our times, the vicissitudes of monarchs, neither the deposed Queen of Spain at Bayonne, nor the exploded Bomba in Rome, nor, to look further back, Louis Philippe appearing suddenly in England as Mr. Smith, with a carpet-bag and cotton umbrella, is so melancholy a figure of fallen greatness as the King of the Solitudes in his old age. The first stage of his decline is marked by the inability any longer to spring on the nimble antelope, or to cope with the sturdy buffalo; and, against his better nature, the leonine Lear, still grand and imposing of aspect, but bereft of his power, is driven to watch for stray children going to the well, or old women picking sticks in the forest. It might be imagined that the sable philosophers of the bereaved tribe would regard this abduction of aged females as praiseworthy, or would at least consider the eating of them as a sufficient punishment for the offence. Not so, however; a lion once known as a man, woman, or child eater, is by no means encouraged, even in Africa, in the indulgence of his tastes; and what with constant interruptions, and the necessity for increased vigilance against his foes, he seldom enjoys a meal in peace. As his teeth fail and his joints stiffen, he is no longer able to capture the feeblest crone, or to masticate the tenderest virgin; and, in the "last stage of all that ends this strange eventful history," he catches mice for a subsistence, gulping them like pills, and eked out the insufficient diet with grass. Imagine this incarnation of absolute power; this rioter in the blood of swift and powerful beasts; this emitter of the roar that causes all the hearts in the wilderness to quake, driven, in what should be a majestic old age, to pick his own salads and to turn mouser! The number of times that, with his large frame and corresponding appetite, he must perform for each scanty meal the degrading act of watching for and pouncing on a mouse, must ultimately deprave his whole character; daily he must sink lower in his own esteem; reformation and suicide are equally denied him; till, happily, the savage who comes upon his track, knowing by signs that he has been forced to graze, knows also that his feebleness is great; and finding him not far off, stretched out beneath a bush, in the sleep of exhaustion, or the torpor of self-contempt, considerately hastens with his assagai to draw a veil over the painful scene.

How the Chinese Came to Wear Pig-tails.

It is curious how the Chinese came to wear pig-tails. Several hundred years ago the inhabitants of China wore their hair as we do, but there was war between China and Tartary, and the Chinese got the worst of it and were conquered. When the first Tartar king of the present dynasty came to the throne, he determined to humble the pride of the Chinese. He began in 1644, by ordering everybody to shave off all the hair except a tuft on the crown; that being the way he wore his own hair. There were a great many proud and high-spirited gentlemen in China who would not obey the command, and the result was, that they had their heads chopped off. It is rather an uncomfortable thing for a man to lose his head. The Chinese thought so, and concluded to shave and braid their hair into a pig-tail, although it was an act of degradation. They felt it keenly, but as the years rolled on, they forgot the humiliation and began to like the fashion. As soon as the pig-tails became fashionable, the young gentlemen of China tried to get up the longest, neatest, and glossiest tails possible. They cultivated them just as young gentlemen in the United States, and almost everywhere else, cultivate their whiskers and moustache, greasing, combing, brushing, and fingering them all the time.

☞ A Pennsylvania editor rejects an advertisement sent him by an Indiana lawyer on the condition that he should take his pay in divorces, saying, however, that he does so because he is a bachelor, and the proposition is "scandalously premature."

☞ "Five Atlantic steamers have sailed away never to be heard of more. They are the President, the City of Glasgow, Tempest, Pacific and City of Boston. Since 1857, some eighty-six ocean steamers have been lost by wreck or fire.

HOMAGE TO VASHTI.

It was a time of feasting at the court
Of King Ahasuerus, and the days,
Filled with the merry sound of revelry,
The harp, the dance, the song, sped lightly on;
The palace walls were gorgeous in their robes
Of royal splendor—hangings rich and rare,
Brought from the looms of Tyre—and sweeping down
Their floods of purple on the marble floors,
Or held by rings of silver and of gold
To stately columns. Odors fil'ed the air
Of costly spices brought from India's shores,
And sweetest music floated on the breeze
To greet the senses of the Persian King.
All, as they drank the wine from golden urns,
Sang to the honor of the royal host,
The majesty and glory of his reign.
His mighty kingdoms stretched from shore to shore,
From Ethiopia's jungles, to the fair
And sea-kissed India, with its boundless wealth,
Until Ahasuerus's heart grew proud
And longed to show his courtiers somewhat more
To feed the fire of their tumultuous praise.
And then he thought him of his beauteous Queen,
For she was young, and "fair to look upon."
"Bring in the Queen!" he cried, "and by the gods
I'll show you beauty, bright beyond the stars,
Such as has lived not in your wildest dreams—
My fair Queen, Vashti. Ho! ye chamberlains!
See that she be arrayed in splendid robes,
And place the royal crown upon her head."
A hush fell on the noisy revellers
Of waiting expectation, and all eyes
Were turned with eager interest to the door.
But when they looked to see the proud young Queen,
Only her minions stood before the King,
And told her answer to the breathless throng.
"Queen Vashti will not heed the King's command;
She will not come before the idle host
Of drunken revellers." All eyes were turned
In fearful silence on the humbled King,
And in his flashing eyes and darkened brow
They read the doom of Vashti.

To all lands
In his dominions went the mandate forth—
"From henceforth shall the husbands all bear rule,
And wives shall henceforth honor and obey.
Queen Vashti shall be called no longer Queen,
And she shall come before the King no more."
Thus, by the stern, fixed law, which altereth not,
Of Medes and Persians, man decreed his right
To power absolute, and Persian men
O'er Persian women held supreme command.
Honor to Vashti! who, when question came
Which she should keep, her high and royal state
As honored Queen, or her pure womanhood,
Held to the latter. Thus her story ends,
But echoes down through memory-haunted years,
Through all the yesterdays, until to-day,
With honor to the noble Persian Queen.

And now, to-day, another question comes,
Oh, women of the nineteenth century—
Which will ye have—a place among the men
In courts, in Congress-halls, and noisy crowds
Where even woman's *name* should never come—
A voice above the tossing, restless tide
Which surges toward the polls, and all the homes
Made darker by your absence?

Or, will ye keep
Your ever pure and precious womanhood,
The tender love of husband and of child,
The God-appointed right to mould and train
The future men and heroes of the land!
Oh, women of the nation! Pause and think!
Why babble ye of wrongs and injured rights!
God pity women who have wrongs indeed,
And we may pity and may help them too;
But giving them the ballot, and the work
Which men should do, will never help their wrongs,
Or at a cost too fearful, and too great.
Yes, trials are the lot of all mankind,
And *men*, as well as women, have their wrongs,
Which all their right to vote can never help.

Then, through the lights and shades of future years,
Let woman work with high and noble aim;
Not to be Presidents, and Priests, and Kings,
But truer women. Then the day will come
When men shall cease to scoff and ridicule,
And honor women as the better half
Whom God appoints to lead His wayward sons
Nearer to Him.

FAITH FARNHAM.

Chinese Servants.

We inquired closely of various residents of San Francisco who employ "Chinee" servants, as to their qualifications and the satisfaction they give. In all cases the answers were favorable. They are docile, quick, honest, and *reliable*. Oh, Biddy-ridden housekeepers! can it be that a day of deliverance is dawning? Did ever Norah or Biddy prove at once quick to learn and docile, honest, and thoroughly reliable? Chinamen, however, are not remarkably *cleanly*, though they can be made so, but of themselves do not care for cleanliness. Neither godliness nor its next virtue has had any power over them. A friend told us that for delicious cooking she would put a Chinese cook foremost. One peculiarity is, that owing to the national low estimate of women, it promotes comfort to have many of the necessary orders promulgated directly from the gentlemen of the household.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

☞ Only seven of the stars in the Pleiades were known to the ancients. There are persons now, occasionally, who can see with the naked eye, fourteen; and it is by no means uncommon for persons of good sight to see eleven.

THE LIZARD BRACELET.

BY LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

It was a dull, rainy evening in October. I stood at the window of a room in the turret of the north wing of the chateau de Chantoce, and contemplated the gray skies and drenched landscape with a feeling of unutterable weariness and ennui.

It had all sounded very pleasant and romantic. When the grave old gentleman, M. Jean Louis Antoine Raould de Chantoce, selected me from amongst all the embryo teachers at Madame Fontaine's establishment to become English teacher and companion to his niece, Mademoiselle Adele, I had considered myself the most fortunate of governess *debutantes*. No noisy, spoiled, ill-trained children to teach; only a high-born young girl, just three years my junior, to instruct in the English language, to amuse, to converse with, to play duets with, and in fact to whom I was to be universally agreeable as well as useful. How I trembled when M. de Chantoce hesitated about engaging me because Madame Fontaine told him that I was not a *Mees Anglaise*, but a *jeune fille Americaine!* He said that he feared my pronunciation of English would be incorrect. But even that difficulty was surmounted at last, the amount of my salary was settled, and one sunny April day I found myself under the charge of an old servant of the Chantoce family, named Catharine Chantier, and really on my way to the chateau. The old gentleman who had engaged me did not reside there. He inhabited, as I afterwards learned, a dingy little suite of apartments in the Faubourg St. Germain, and only visited the family estates in Normandy on great occasions; life in the provinces being, as he said, insupportable to him.

I was charmed with my future home when I first beheld it. Chantoce is situated in one of the fairest and most fertile regions of Normandy, and is a noble and well-preserved specimen of an old chateau. Part of it is in ruins, but the ruined portion dates from the days of that Duke William who is better known as the conqueror king of England, while the more modern and habitable portion was built in the reign of Francis I.

The family residing at the chateau numbered two persons only—the dowager baroness and her step-daughter, my destined pupil. The baron, who was at that time about twenty-five years of age, was absent, and in fact only visited his estates at long intervals. He had incurred the displeasure of all his high-born legitimist relatives by espousing the only daughter and wealthy heiress of a well-known banker, who was doubly obnoxious to them by reason of his plebeian descent and his Bonapartist principles. The baron, however, contented himself with a charming hotel on the Boulevard Malesherbes, and led a gay life with his young bride, even going so far on the downward path of Imperialism as to appear frequently at the court festivities. His father, the deceased M. de Chantoce, had married twice—his first wife, the mother of the present baron and of Mademoiselle Adele, being a member of one of the noblest families of the Faubourg St. Germain—a pretty, graceful woman, as her portrait showed; but tradition said that all the noble and royal blood in her veins could not prevent her from being very frivolous and remarkably silly. She died a few months after the birth of Adele, and M. de Chantoce wedded *en secondes noces* the widowed Vicomtesse de Ste. Alix, whose only son by her first marriage, the Vicomte de Ste. Alix, was, at the time of my arrival at Chantoce, sojourning in Italy, whither he had gone to recruit his finances and his health, both of which had been much impaired by Parisian dissipation. Like the young Baron de Chantoce, he had married for money, and the union had proved anything but a happy one, the vicomtesse and himself being virtually separated in fact, though they still occupied apartments in the same hotel in Paris whenever chance led them to visit that capital at the same time.

I heard much from the old servants at the chateau respecting the personal beauty of the vicomte, and the fascination of his manners, wherein, certainly, he bore no resemblance to his mother. The baroness was a thin, pale, saturnine-looking woman, thoroughly, forbidding in aspect and disagreeable in manner. She was a great sufferer from a chronic species of neuralgia, to relieve the pain of which she took vast quantities of opium; and she scarcely ever left her own apartments, where she sat silent and motionless all day at the window, never stirring if in pain, and on her days of comparative ease occupied with endless pieces of elaborate embroidery.

Adele de Chantoce was exceedingly beautiful. She was a faultless specimen of that rare and exquisite type of feminine loveliness, a southern blonde; with large, sparkling blue eyes, a lithe, graceful form, and the tiny hands and feet of a true Parisienne. When I first beheld her standing on the terrace, her cheek flushed with expectation and her eyes glowing like sapphires, I thought that I had never seen anything in human form so exquisitely lovely. She lacked at that time some four months of completing her seventeenth year.

Fortunately, she took a great fancy to me from the first moment of our acquaintance, and we soon fell into the regular routine and monotonous occupations of a governess-and-pupil life. We read or spoke English together for two hours every morning, after which I gave her a music-lesson or helped her with some difficult stitch in her embroidery. But then my duties as an instructress were perforce ended. Adele did not care for history, yawned over poems and memoirs, and rebelled outright if I tried to teach her anything of an abstruse or scientific nature Very charming to look upon was my fair pupil, but her charms were altogether of an external nature. She had no depth of intellect whatever, but was simply a gay, frivolous, pleasure-loving girl—a creature fitted to adorn a ball-room or to grace a court, but sadly out of place in the gloomy and sombre life that dragged its slow course along at the chateau de Chantoce. It was the old story of a round peg in a square hole. Placed in the intoxicating atmosphere of Paris, Adele would have bloomed forth a brilliant flower of loveliness and grace; but under the dull skies of that provincial life she drooped like an exotic planted in an open garden. And there seemed no escape possible for her, even by the common avenue of escape for woman—namely, marriage. Adele was already betrothed. Her father had died some three years before my advent at the chateau, but before his death he had entered into an agreement with the Comte de Chermont—a nobleman whose estates adjoined his own—to the effect that sundry disputes respecting boundary lines should be settled by the union of Mademoiselle de Chantoce and the eldest son and heir of the count. M. de Chermont had not long survived M. de Chantoce, but his son had signified his extreme desire for the alliance, and the marriage had only been, at Adele's passionate solicitations, delayed till she should have attained her eighteenth birth-day. The truth was, that she both disliked and feared her destined bridegroom. The Comte de Chermont was a dark, saturnine-looking young man, and I heard many reports respecting the violence of his temper and his parsimonious and eccentric habits.

I have concentrated in the foregoing pages the details respecting the Chantoce family which reached me from various quarters during the first few months of my dreary life at the old chateau. I was far from happy in my new sphere of existence. I often felt ready to go distracted because of the impossibility of finding anything to do—any amusement or occupation wherewith to vary the intolerable monotony of that provincial life whose concentrated ennui breathes from the pages of those French novels which try in vain to describe it. Life within those dismal walls lacked all aim, all object, all interest. What was the use of embroidering articles which no one would ever use?—of practising music to which no one would ever listen? No new books ever found their way to the chateau, and the vast and dingy old library was forbidden ground, as its sole specimens of light literature consisted of a number of plays and novels of a bygone age, and of such style and subjects as rendered them wholly unfit for the perusal of a modest woman. If I walked out with my pupil, there was no place to go to and nothing to see, our promenades being confined to the terraces or the flower-garden. No visitors ever made their appearance, the baroness having quarreled with nearly all her neighbors, and Adele's betrothed, the Comte de Chermont, having left Normandy soon after my arrival to settle some business connected with an estate in Brittany which he had recently inherited; and this affair, greatly to Adele's unconcealed delight, promised to detain him for some months from home. Our evenings were inexpressibly dreary, passed as they were in the vast, gloomy *salon*, where one pale candle vainly tried to dissipate the gloom; and we were glad to shorten the lagging hours by retiring to rest at the earliest possible moment.

I could have borne this dreary existence better if I had ever lived in the country before, but it had always been my good or my evil fortune to reside in a large city, and to enjoy all those amusements which a city life affords even to persons of the most limited means. The shop-windows, the streets, the ever-varying crowds, had amused me as a child in New York; and while I was residing with Madame Fontaine I had enjoyed to the full the gayety and brightness that pervade the very atmosphere of Paris. It is true that I did not have a superfluous sou to expend on the luxuries of the brilliant capital, but the glistening Boulevards, the sunny Champs Elysees, the verdure and fragrance of the Bois de Boulogne, its gay crowds and gorgeous equipages, the pictures and statuary of the Louvre and the Luxembourg—all these had supplied me with never-failing sources of interest and amusement. Then, too, my little savings were small indeed when I could not afford an occasional subscription to Galignani's circulating library. Were I ever so weary of study or of teaching, a stroll on the Boulevard des Italiens, an hour in the Louvre, or a page from some interesting volume brought rest and refreshment to mind and body alike.

There was one part of the chateau, however, wherein I passed many a pleasant hour—the gallery of family portraits. If I could persuade old Denise (the *ci-devant* nurse, now the waiting-woman of my pupil) to accompany me thither, and to relate to me some of the family traditions with which her memory was stored respecting the originals of the faded paintings that frowned or leered at us out of their tarnished frames, I forgot in the absorbing interest of her stories the gaunt demon of Ennui that lay in wait outside the door to pounce upon me as soon as I quitted the apartment.

Old Denise appeared to possess an inexhaustible fund of stories. The Chantoces were a romantic and adventurous race, and the fair dames and gallant cavaliers immortalized in dingy colors on rotting canvas might have furnished a whole circulating library with thrilling tales of which they had been the heroines and heroes. Here hung the portrait of the Baron Henri, who had cherished an ardent but respectful passion for Mary Queen of Scots when she was the dauphiness of France; and there smiled the sweet face of the Demoiselle Louise Isabelle, who had been the chosen friend of Marie Antoinette, and who was guillotined a few days before the Princess de Lamballe. Yon fair-haired, blue-eyed youth was page to Henri Quatre, and the lovely blonde opposite to him was Mademoiselle Henriette, who had pined herself to death for love of Louis XIV.—a passion which she only acknowledged on her death-bed. Next came the portrait of a sparkling brunette, with scarlet carnations in her powdered hair—the likeness of Mademoiselle Aglae, whose bright, fresh beauty had drawn upon her the eyes of the royal libertine, Louis XV. But Aglae de Chantoce was not moulded from the clay of which Pompadours and Dubarrys are fashioned. She fled from the court, took refuge with some relations in England, married there, and lived to an advanced age, an honored and respected wife and mother, well content not to dispute precedence with the *Marquise* de Pompadour and the *Comtesse* Dubarry.

"It is a brave and honorable race, mademoiselle," old Denise was wont to say; "all the men were brave and all the women virtuous. Thank Heaven! the Lizard Bracelet has not been found, and I trust that it may never be."

"And what was the Lizard Bracelet? How was it lost, and why should the possible finding of it be considered such a calamity?" I asked the first time she spoke thus to me.

She answered by leading me in front of a picture which had before attracted my attention. It was the portrait of a tall, finely-formed woman, with a sinister yet strikingly handsome Italian countenance, and attired in a robe of gold brocade, covered with jewels and fashioned in the stiff and gorgeous style which was in fashion at court during the reign of Henri II. She rested one hand on a species of balustrade extending in front of her, and around the shapely arm was twined a splendid and singular bracelet, which must have severely taxed the painter's art to represent so perfectly. It was shaped like a long, slender lizard, the make-like head lying just above the wrist, and the narrow body and serpentine tail twining round the arm halfway to the elbow. It was seemingly formed of emeralds, the eyes being diamonds, and the crest and tongue of rubies, the back being flecked here and there with spots of vivid azure and crimson and with the sparkle of diamonds, showing that a variety of gems had been employed to represent the varied markings of the reptile's coat. Such was the picture and such the ornament whose story Denise then proceeded to relate. I give it in a more connected form than she did, and freed from the anachronisms and provincialisms which garnished her speech.

Maria Fontana, the original of the portrait, was an Italian lady of noble birth, who came to France when very young as a member of the household of Catharine de Medicis, when that princess left her native country to become dauphiness of France. She had been bred in the same convent with Catharine, and a strong personal friendship existed between her and her royal mistress, whom, as the sequel proved, she much resembled in character. She had not been long a resident at the French court when the young Francois de Chantoce, the younger brother of the baron, fell violently in love with her. This passion was reciprocated, and the lovers were speedily wedded. There was one drawback to their happiness: M. de Chantoce was poor, and his brother, the Baron Raoul, was in the prime of life and the father of two healthy sons, so that his chances of succeeding to the family estates seemed truly infinitesimal. Yet before Maria Fontana had been six months a wife the two young sons of the baron died mysteriously of some unknown but slow-wasting malady, and their father followed them in a few weeks. These deaths, happening as they did so opportunely for the welfare of Francois de Chantoce and his wife, caused suspicion to fall on the latter; and though the wealth and power of the Chantoce family, joined to the influence of the dauphiness, were sufficient to ward off all legal inquiry, the suspected pair received a strong hint that a visit to their estates in Normandy would be timely and well thought of. Thither they retired, and the baron, thus deprived of the interests and excitements of a court life, occupied himself with enlarging and altering his ancestral home. From all I could learn respecting him, I formed the opinion that he was a warm-hearted, unsuspicious, guileless personage, and that he was doubtless entirely innocent of any knowledge of, or participation in his wife's crimes. For, that she had committed some fearful crime was evident by the terrible retribution that overtook her. She lived to a great age, but during the last twenty years of her life she was a raving maniac, talking always of powders and potions, and miserably unhappy on account of the two little boys which, as she piteously complained, would never leave her. Old Denise showed me the room wherein she was said to have passed the latter portion of her life. It was a small apartment in the old tower, with a low ceiling and massive walls. Here she was kept in close confinement, for in her more violent paroxysms she was always in a murderous mood, and manifested this propensity more especially toward her children, whom she seemed to consider as in league with the spectre youths that tormented her. Sometimes, in her seemingly quieter moments, she would evade the watchfulness of her attendants and steal off to roam restlessly about the castle, moaning and wringing her hands, and talking to herself about white powders and phantom boys.

It was in one of these expeditions, soon after the first outbreak of her malady, that the Lizard Bracelet disappeared. She had brought that ornament with her from Italy, and it was rumored that in the hollow body of the jewelled reptile had lain concealed the drug of which she had afterward made such deadly use. Be this as it may, the jewel disappeared, and, as it was of great value, it was often sought for, and always in vain. It was supposed that the baroness had concealed or lost it, and she was questioned respecting it, and watched during her nightly rambles, but she gave neither answer nor sign; and the bracelet in time was almost forgotten. But when she lay on her death-bed, reason seemed to return to her: she spoke calmly and coherently to those around her, asked about her husband and her children, all of whom were by chance absent, and mentioned several long-forgotten occurrences. One of her attendants, an old woman who had been in her service ever since her marriage, ventured to question her respecting the whereabouts of the lost jewel. The dying woman raised her head. "The Lizard Bracelet is lost," she said, "but it will one day be found, and on that day will come shame and sorrow to Chantoce." And then she fell back on her pillows, and she spoke no more.

"The Lizard Bracelet has never been found, mademoiselle," old Denise ended, impressively. "Sorrow has come often to Chantoce, but shame never. And I hope the bracelet will not be found in my day."

But to go back to the moment when the reader first discovers me standing at the window of Adele's room and looking out on the leaden clouds and dripping poplars.

The room in which I stood was quite small, being situated in one of the odd, pepper-box-shaped turrets of the chateau. It had originally been used as an oratory, having been fitted up for that purpose by the wicked Baroness Maria, and after her death the associations connected with her crimes and her melancholy death caused the oratory to fall into disuse, and it was finally dismantled and fell into total neglect, though still retaining many portions of its original splendor. The crucifix, altar and other articles used in the act of worship had of course been removed, but the splendid carved oaken panels, which the baroness had caused to be brought at great expense from her native country, were still allowed to remain. The little room was of an octagonal shape, one side being taken up by the door and another by the one large window, while the other six sides were covered with the carved panels aforesaid, each representing a scene in the life of the Blessed Virgin. This little apartment had so struck Adele's fancy that she had insisted upon installing herself therein, and making it her boudoir, as she called it. (I offended her terribly one day by styling it the school-room.) A few large, comfortable chairs, a small upright piano, a still smaller book-case, and an embroidery-frame comprised the furniture; and the room was really charming in summer, commanding as it did a widespread and enchanting prospect over a picturesque and highly-cultivated tract of country. But in the chill autumnal days its exposed situation rendered it anything but comfortable or of cheerful aspect. And so, on the dreary October evening on which my story opens, I stood at the window and gazed out at the leaden sky, the pouring rain and the wind-tossed poplars, with a feeling of utter depression and weariness.

There were other causes at work, too, that evening, besides the dreary life and dismal weather, to sadden and depress me. I had that day made a discovery which had tended no little to distress and perplex me. I had been alone in the turret-chamber for some hours, my pupil being absent with her step-mother, and I had tried to while away the lagging moments by rearranging some of the shelves in the little book-case. I had found, carefully hidden behind a set of Lamartine's poetical works, a small book bound in green morocco, which, on examination, proved to be the fourth volume of a work entitled Voyages a Cythere, which I had heard spoken of as being one of the worst of the many profligate romances published during the past century. The book had undoubtedly been abstracted from the library of the chateau, as it bore the arms of Chantoce stamped upon the cover; but who had taken it thence, and who had placed it where I found it? Alas! there was but one answer possible to both these queries: it must have been Mademoiselle Adele herself, for no other person had access to the library, the key of which was always kept in the apartments of the baroness, whence it would have been very easy for my pupil to abstract it. Moreover, as I drew forth the book from its hiding-place there fell from between its leaves a piece of blue ribbon embroidered with silver daisies, which had probably been put there to mark the place, and which I recognized at once as being the property of Adele.

By this discovery I had been placed in a most unpleasant dilemma. I could not conscientiously keep silence respecting it, and thus tacitly sanction my pupil in her secret pursuit after poisonous and forbidden literature. If I were to tax Adele with her delinquency, an indignant denial, and her consequent dislike and distrust, were all I should gain. Did I complain to the baroness, my instant dismissal for daring to bring such a charge against a demoiselle of the noble house of Chantoce would be the inevitable consequence. But my meditations at the turret-window, and my own sense of the duty I owed to my employers, had decided me on adopting the following course: I would request the baroness to accept my resignation of my post in her household; I would then place the book in her hands, accompanying the delivery with full details as to the manner in which it had come into my possession; and I would then leave her to deal herself with her step-daughter as it best might please her. For by this very discovery I learned that I was wholly unfitted to cope with the pernicious agencies that had so long been at work to form the character of Mademoiselle de Chantoce. Undoubtedly, Les Voyages a Cythere had not been the first fruit which she had plucked from the forbidden tree of evil knowledge; and the poisonous seeds thereof had been planted in a fertile soil—the soil of vanity, discontent and want of principle—and I shuddered as I thought of what the future growth might be.

A light touch on my shoulder aroused me from my meditations. I started and turned around. Adele stood behind me, a joyous smile replacing the expression of sullen discontent which usually disfigured her charming feature.

"Do you know, dear mees, what has happened?" she exclaimed in a tone of unwonted animation.

"Has *anything* happened, mademoiselle?" I asked, wearily. Could such a thing as an event occur in that monotonous provincial life—that dreary old chateau?

"Yes. My step-mother's son, M. de Ste. Alix, has arrived quite unexpectedly, and intends to spend some weeks here. I have not seen him since I was quite a little girl—not more than eleven years old, I believe. He will tell us all the court gossip, and all about Italy and Paris. Oh, it will be delightful! But where is Denise? I must put on my blue silk at once."

And she darted off, pleased as a child with a new toy, and fully alive to the value of such a "sensation" as a visit from the handsome and—to her—almost unknown vicomte.

I saw him that evening for the first and last time. He was one of the handsomest men I had ever seen, but dissipation and evil passions had left their traces on his well-cut features and lent his complexion an unhealthy pallor. There was something that seemed to me sinister in his very beauty—something of the serpent in his glittering, dark eyes, and of the panther in the graceful movements of his lithe, finely-proportioned form. Of course I was too insignificant a personage to attract his notice, and the baroness was, as usual, half asleep and wholly stupefied from the effects of the drugs she habitually used; so that all his conversation was directed to Adele, who looked that evening exquisitely beautiful. Her dress of turquoise blue silk was one of a few that her brother had sent to her from Paris in an unusual outburst of fraternal kindliness and thoughtfulness, and it displayed to advantage every perfection of her slender but faultlessly-moulded figure. Her complexion was a dazzling compound of snow and roses—a rare charm for a French girl to possess—and she had arranged her bright, fair hair in a style that showed off to wondrous advantage its wavy gold, that owed its rippled lustre neither to crimping-pins nor "Eau d'Or." Blase Parisian as the vicomte was, I caught his gaze more than once fixed upon her with an expression of ardent and undisguised admiration. As I write a vision of that evening, the last I ever spent in that vast, dreary saloon, rises up before me, and I see again the great, gloomy, ill-lighted room; the faded curtains waving in the sudden gusts that penetrated the ill-fitting windows; the flame leaping in the yawning, cavernous fireplace; the baroness nodding in her great arm-chair, her thin, shriveled hands crossed before her, motionless as a statue, and with a face cold, hard and immovable as if it were carved in stone; and finally, the dark, handsome man and the lovely, fair-haired girl conversing together in undertones in the deep embrasure of one of the windows, while I sat by the table in the centre of the room, seemingly absorbed in the intricacies of a crochet pattern, but with a vague inquietude already possessing my soul.

The next morning, as I was in the act of descending the main staircase, my foot slipped on the polished surface of the oak of which it was composed, and I was precipitated with great violence on the stone flooring of the lower hall. I was taken up senseless, and on examination my injuries were found to be severe, my left arm being

broken and my head badly contused. I was conveyed to my own room and a physician summoned, but before night I was raving in the delirium of a raging fever. A long period of desperate illness and almost total unconsciousness ensued. I have a vague recollection of the coming and going of the solemn-looking little doctor, and of the pain to which he occasionally put me; and once I was dimly aware, as if in a dream, of old Denise standing beside me wringing her hands and saying, "If she were only well!—if she could but do something!" But generally the days went by in a dull, unvarying train, bringing to my fever-clouded brain nothing but a general idea of thirst and discomfort and universal misery.

One day, however, I awoke from an untroubled, refreshing slumber to perfect consciousness—wretchedly weak, it is true, but with the feeling that I was on the high road to recovery. I was alone, but that fact did not trouble me much as I lay there in languid contentment, only wondering now and then how long I had been sick, and where everybody in the chateau might be. Half an hour had passed in this manner when the door was softly opened, and Denise entered the room with noiseless tread. No sooner did she meet the recognizing glance and smile with which I greeted her, than, clasping her hands, she broke into wild ejaculations of thank-giving—more, however, as it appeared to me, for my restored senses than for my returning health. Hastily checking herself, she left the room, but speedily returned with a small bowl of savory-looking chicken-broth.

"Eat, eat, mademoiselle!" she said, impressively: "hasten to regain your strength."

I was somewhat surprised at the old woman's fervor, for, though we had indeed been on very friendly terms before my illness, she had always rather treated me with a subdued hauteur, as being a sort of anomaly—neither one of the old *noblesse*, nor yet one of the *canaille*. Moreover, my republican origin and principles were thoroughly obnoxious to her, for she was as ardent a partisan of Legitimacy and the ancient monarchy as were the members of the noble family she served. However, I ate the soup with all the eagerness of a convalescent, and felt myself greatly refreshed thereby. As I returned the empty cup to her hands, she looked at me scrutinizingly.

"Are you very weak?" she asked, abruptly.

"Very weak indeed, Denise. How long have I been ill?"

"More than three weeks."

"And Mademoiselle Adele?—how is she?"

Instead of answering me, the old woman turned to a small table near the window, on which my little, well-worn writing-case usually lay.

"Are you strong enough to write a few lines, do you think?" she asked, taking up the writing-case as she spoke.

I moved my right hand (the uninjured one). It obeyed my volition, though but feebly.

"Yes—a few lines—I think I could."

She came to my bedside and opened the case out before me.

"I want you to write to M. le Baron."

"*I* write to the baron! Why, Denise, I never saw him in all my life!"

"No matter, but write—do write, mademoiselle."

I took up my pen at her earnest entreaty, while she opened my little portable inkstand and got out a sheet of paper. When everything was in readiness, I asked,

"And what do you wish me to write? What shall I say to him?"

"Tell him"—and here Denise bent over me, and sinking her voice to a whisper she added, impressively—"tell him to come home and save his sister."

"To save his sister! and from what?"

"From M. de Ste. Alix."

I looked at the old woman in horror, and the pen dropped from my trembling hand. With hurried words she went on to explain her meaning.

It appeared that soon after the accident which had disabled me took place, the baroness had been seized with an unusually severe attack of neuralgia, and had shut herself up in her own apartments, so that Adele had been allowed a degree of unrestrained intercourse with the vicomte almost unheard of between a gentleman and an unmarried lady in France. The personal beauty, unprincipled character and fascinating manners of M. de Ste. Alix had evidently made an impression on the heart of Mademoiselle de Chantoce, and the watchful eyes of old Denise had espied enough to convince her that a secret understanding existed between the vicomte and my unhappy pupil.

"Why, he is a married man! Good heavens, Denise!" I exclaimed. "I cannot believe in such infamy. Is the vicomte still here?"

"No: he left two days ago, but Mademoiselle Adele is as blithe as a bird, and I think— Oh that I should live to think such things of a demoiselle de Chantoce!"

"You think—what, Denise?"

"The saints forgive me! but I think they are planning an elopement."

I leaned back on my pillow, dizzy and heart-sick, while Denise continued:

"Not two hours ago I spied the vicomte's valet, Francois Dubosc, lurking behind one of the great chestnut trees in the park. He has lived with M. de Ste. Alix for these ten years past, and people do say that he has assisted his master in many an act of villainy. And just now I saw Mademoiselle Adele run down the avenue toward the park. What was she after, do you think? Ah, no good, no good!"

And two large tears rolled slowly down the withered cheeks of the faithful old creature.

"But madame la baronne? would it not be better to appeal to her, for she is here, on the very spot?"

Old Denise shook her head mournfully:

"I tried to do so, but she would not listen: she called me an old fool. And I had a letter that I picked up, but she would not look at it."

"That letter—where is it?"

Slowly and reluctantly the old woman drew it from her capacious pocket, as if she felt it almost a treasonable act to disclose the evil-doings of a daughter of the house of Chantoce. It was a mere note, without signature or address, and only contained the following lines:

"MY ANGEL, MY BELOVED!

"Trust in me, and have patience. In a few days all will be arranged."

"I found that the day after he left," said Denise, "but, you see, I don't know how to read, and there was no one I could dare to ask."

My hesitation was at an end. I seized my pen, scrawled a few hurried lines to the Baron de Chantoce, and then sank back utterly exhausted, while old Denise hastened away to despatch a servant with the missive to the nearest post-town.

The following day, Adele came into my room to congratulate me on my returning health. She brought me a bouquet of autumnal flowers, and talked for a few minutes in a hurried, incoherent style: then suddenly she came up to my bedside, kissed me and then darted from the room.

Mine was the last brow that the lips of Adele de Chantoce might touch and leave no stain behind.

The next morning I was aroused from a troubled slumber by an unusual commotion in the chateau. Voices shouted and replied, doors were opened and closed, footsteps sounded loudly through the echoing halls; and suddenly the voice of old Denise rang out in a wild shriek, followed by a frenzied outburst of anguish. Then horses' feet were heard trampling noisily in the court-yard, and there was a cry of, "The doctor! bring the doctor! Madame la baronne is dying!"

I could bear the agony of suspense and uncertainty no longer. I rose hastily, and dressing myself as quickly as my disabled arm and general weakness would permit, I crept out into the corridor, and there awaited the passing of some one of the servants. In a few moments Catharine Chantier came hurriedly along the passage, and from her I learned the confirmation of my worst fears. Mademoiselle Adele had fled from her home, leaving behind her a note for madame la baronne; and after reading that note the baroness had been stricken with paralysis, and was then lying in an unconscious state, seemingly at the point of death. Then Catharine hastened away, leaving me half stunned with horror and astonishment.

As soon as I could collect my scattered senses, I determined to quit the chateau at once. With trembling limbs and faltering footsteps I made my way to the turret-chamber where my pupil and I had passed so many tranquil hours together. Traces of her flight were even there discernible. One or two of her favorite books were gone from their accustomed places on the shelves, and a hasty hand had overturned and broken a flower vase on the table, the water from which had poured over a picture that lay face downward beside it. I picked up the wet picture, but dropped it instantly with a shudder: it was a fine photograph of M. de Ste. Alix. The embroidery-frame was overset, and had fallen against the wall. I strove to raise it, but some loose threads of floss silk that hung from it had got tangled round part of the carving of the panel, which was one representing the Virgin with her foot on the head of the typical serpent. The silk had become twisted round the serpent's head, and I strove vainly to disengage it. Finally I desisted from my attempt, and rose from my kneeling posture to seek for scissors wherewith to cut the knotted thread. As I did so I put my hand on the serpent's head, and pressed in my weakness heavily against it. To my astonishment, I felt it move under the pressure: I rose hastily to my feet, and as I did so the centre compartment of the panel swung slowly open, the springs which impelled it being rusty from disuse. A dark, hollow niche was disclosed, wherein lay something—a strange, coiled serpentine-looking object, dingy and shapeless under the coating of dust with which it was thickly covered. Shuddering with an undefined feeling of terror, I put forth my hand and drew this long-hidden thing forth to the light. The glitter of gems flashed through the dingy covering that enveloped my prize. I brushed away the accumulated dust of centuries, and there, before me, lay, splendid with the green glory of emeralds, lustrous with the light of diamonds, the sinister prophecy respecting it fearfully fulfilled—the long-lost and fatal jewel, the Lizard Bracelet.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A NIGHT ATTACK.

FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.

If, reader, you are robust and young, and have a taste for hard work, and that agreeable process usually termed "roughing it," go to South America, invest in land—not near the large towns, where your yearly gains will be swallowed up in the dissipations of a week; but become a pioneer, and seek the fertile plains on the Indian frontier, and you will be indulged to the very top of your bent; for there the labor of your own hands must raise the roof which shelters you, and all your vigilance and courage will be required to live under it in safety. It is needless to say that you must dispense with the luxuries of life, for even the necessaries will not be given. Bread itself will become a memory of the past, and ship's biscuit a very present and hard reality. Each day you will find it imperative to "return to your muttons" for dinner, and that meal will probably have been preceded by the appetite-inspiring occupation of killing and cooking the meat in question.

Deer, ostrich, and wild-horses there are in plenty to gallop after, with dogs, rifle, or lasso; or the excitement may be pleasingly varied, and a just appreciation of your quarry's sensations arrived at, by becoming the pursued yourself; for the Indians, your pursuers, esteem most highly "a white devil hunt"—the scarcity of the animal adding, as is natural, a pleasurable zest to these true lovers of sport.

Nature, too, in her wildest and loneliest aspect will there meet you face to face. You may journey for days, weeks, or months, scorched by the sun, and beguiled by the mirage, over plains seemingly vast and measureless as Eternity itself: and may learn a wholesome lesson, seldom acquired in cities, of your powerless insignificance.

There, too—strangest sight of all—you will see, and wonder at the sunsets; for his brilliant majesty there makes no lingering twilight, but dives rapidly, "one unclouded blaze of living light," behind the horizon, as though hotly pursued by the goddess of night, who, gathering her mantle into a ball, has hurled it, and just missed him, as he disappeared.

And now a hush falls upon everything—broken, perhaps, by the jaguar's scream as he rises from his couch in the tall grass, and begins his nightly prowl in search of prey; or a troop of wild-mares may sweep by with tossing manes, and forms shadowy in the dim light, their hoofs beating out a sound like dull thunder on the springy turf.

It is at this hour that the most potent of blue-devils yclept home-sickness enters in and takes possession of the unhardened exile; and surely he does his work. First, he instills thoughts of home, kith and kin, bright fires and pretty faces, memories of pleasant gatherings and genial sports; next, he institutes a comparison (odious indeed,) and bids you think upon your present toil by day, and uneasy, danger-haunted sleep by night; then having prepared you for his concluding effort, which is to render you utterly and ridiculously miserable, he pours into your scarcely resisting mind a sea of longings, the tide setting strongly in the direction of a return (which he will parenthetically remind you is impossible) to the scenes and happiness of former days.

I think I was in a fair way of plunging into the third stage, and becoming one of the demon's most promising patients, one evening as I watched the sunset; but then, you see, I was young, and as yet without much experience of the wild life of a South American sheep-farmer near the Indian frontier.

I had but lately come out from England to join Dick Merton, my former chum and protector at a public school, and my fast friend always. Our joint and very modest capital had been invested in a league of land, bought for an old song on account of its defective title (it was claimed, with some thousands besides, by the Pampa Indians, who made entry upon it—gave notice to quit by brandishing lances at us—and levied a distress upon our horses, and upon us too, in the most European and legal manner;) also in a few sheep, having the lathy appearance, and almost the speed, of greyhounds; and lastly, in the materials for our house, of which, as we had ourselves been the architects, builders, and clerks of the work, we were not a little proud. It was built of sun-baked bricks, and consisted of one tolerably large room, with a flat roof and parapet, accessible from the inside by means of a ladder. Around it, at about thirty yards' distance, we had dug a deep, dry ditch, crossed by a drawbridge, and intended as a protection against surprise by our enterprising neighbors the Indians. The latter dusky gentlemen had hitherto behaved themselves very much as such, and had confined their throat-cutting propensities to certain stray sheep, instead of gratifying them at the expense of the owners. But ugly tales were still told of their doings round about us—of white men taken whilst riding in sight of home, and tortured; of cattle driven off, and sheep speared in very wantonness of mischief—which were not reassuring, and which caused us to keep a particular sharp look-out, especially when, as now, the Indian moon (their favorite time of attack) gave light enough to point the way to plunder, but not to guide the aim of the defenders.

Dick Merton, changed indeed since the days when his word was law among a select circle of Pall Mall dandies, lounged up to where I was standing. His costume was simple in the extreme, and consisted merely of a sufficiently aged pair of leather unmentionables, and a red flannel shirt—the whole being surmounted and relieved by a very long, black beard, and a very short but equally black pipe; but through rough attire and surroundings, the indefinable *je ne sais quoi* of gentility was as clearly recognizable as when he was sowing his rather extensive crop of wild-oats upon home soil, and before that memorable Derby, which induced him, after settling with duns of every description, from fashionable tradesmen to "honorable" welchers, to embark himself and the leavings of his property, and dwell among sheep and savages, until he could return with fresh grist to carry on the civilized mill.

"Can you see anything stirring in the camp?" said he, as he came up. "Those horses are making a confounded row in the corral. I saw Johnson, the Yankee, this morning, and he said that Indians had crossed the river; and he guessed we'd better keep our wits well lied, that the dusky varmin didn't look in when we warn't ready for visitors."

Now, horses were our surest safeguards against surprise. Dogs we had too, but they roused us up so frequently by barking at nothing more formidable than a stray deer or fox, that—reminded of the gentleman whose amusement it was to cry "Wolf!"—we lost all faith in them; but our little, half-wild Pampa horses had a truer instinct, and their warnings, given by stamping upon the ground, were not to be disregarded with safety.

"I can make out some objects moving about half a mile to the southward," said I, after a long lookout on the plains.

"They are mounted men, by Jove!" exclaimed my companion; "and riding hard this way too.—Stand here with your rifle, Alfred, while I slip cartridges into the others. At that pace, they will be here directly."

And so they were. Almost before Dick had reached my side again, two "Guachos," their usual swarthy faces livid with fear, sprung from their horses, which, covered with blood, sweat, and foam, showed how sharp had been the ride, and rushed over the drawbridge. They told us, as soon as terror would allow them, that three hundred Indians were in hot pursuit, and would soon be on the spot, and besought us, for the love of the Virgin, to give them shelter, as to ride out again into the camp upon their foundered horses would be certain death.

Dick, rather to my surprise, for I did not then know what distinguished liars the natives as a rule are, calmly lit his pipe, and then ordered our visitors, in a somewhat doubtful Spanish idiom, to "make themselves scarce."

"Uoles," he said politely, "you can tell a plain tale, senores, without lies, *camos*" [be off], "and *adios*" [God be with you].

Upon this we learned, after much cross-questioning, that they had been to buy horses ("To steal them, more likely," interjected Dick) at the station of a rich Spaniard, Don Ramon Garcia, who lived about four leagues from us; and that when they reached the top of a gentle rise in the ground, and had a view of the house, they had seen, to their horror and dismay, a large body of the dreaded Indians, who were attacking—for they heard shots—Don Ramon's *estancia*.

"Whereupon," said the spokesman, with teeth chattering, "we rode hard to your abode, well knowing that the brave Englishman would not deliver us up; but let us mount your fleetest horses, senores, and ride for life. Soon they will be here; and who can withstand the fierce *bravos*?"

"If this be true," said Dick, turning to me—"and I believe it is, for these cowardly scoundrels' faces are proof that they have seen *something*—the sooner we prepare to fight the better. Of course, they were not attacking Ramon's place; he has a fort strong enough to resist a thousand of them, and plenty of men and arms as well. Most likely, they made a dash to carry off any one who might be strolling at a distance from the house, or to drive off the horses; and it's equally likely that we shall have them here soon, where there's a better chance for a night attack. In any event, we must be prepared for them. Naturally, we can't run away, and leave all we have in the world to be destroyed, as these valiant gentlemen propose."

My chum's calmness infused confidence into me, and, though dreadfully nervous—for it was my first fight, and a kind of internal fluttering sensation warned me that, like Viola, I "lacked something of a man"—I set about our preparations with a good show of self-possession.

The natives—both the late arrivals and our own two men, who had often boasted of what they meant to do and had already done in the way of fighting Indians—were quite useless. They besought us piteously to flee, and so hampered us, that Dick's patience evaporated, and having lavished a series of hearty kicks among them, he consigned them forcibly to neither and more sultry regions, kindly offering horses for that or any other journey they might wish to make. They dared not, however, ride away even from the coming danger; and presently, to our great relief and delight, we saw them scramble through the ditch, and into our solitary field of maize, where, as we learned afterwards, they lay concealed, with their faces buried in the ground, like ostriches, until the storm should blow over.

Our preparations were very simple—a box of cartridges was opened (for we were provided with those inestimable peace and life preservers, breech-loading rifles) and placed ready to hand, together with a bottle of whiskey and a jar of water; the door and window, our weakest points, were secured as strongly as possible; and then, sheltering our bodies behind the parapet, we peered cautiously over, and strained our eyes to get the first glimpse of an enemy.

Nothing is so daunting as suspense to a young campa'gner, and I felt my heart thumping against my ribs with excitement, and a sort of nervous dread that I should not play a man's part in the struggle we expected. But Dick's voice, calm, low, and with a slight drawl in it, reassured me.

"Now, look here, Alfred, my boy," he said; "if we have to fight, keep cool, and do as I tell you. Reach your hand over here—that's right; I like to feel your gripe like that. Now, remember to aim steadily, as though you were winning a cup in the rifle corps at home; and don't show yourself more than you can help, for, though these beggars have only a few muskets and pistols in the shape of firearms, they can shoot pretty straight if you stand still enough for a long sight. Their great point will be to force the door, but we can soon stop that if you are steady with your shots; and they can't fire the bricks.—Do you see anything?"

"There's something dark on the ground near the corral," I answered; "it seems nearer than it was."

"An Indian, sure enough, and the ball's going to commence." As he said this, Dick's rifle rung out in the silence of the night, and I saw a splinter fly white in the moonlight, about a foot above the dark object, which thereupon started up with a cry, and fled. Then we heard the galloping of horses, and about one hundred Indians rode into view, and, breaking into twos and threes, circled round us within shot—waving spears and shouting as though the whole company of fallen angels had met to lament their change of circumstances chorally.

"Don't shoot! This is all a feint." And my superior's warning came just in time, for a dusky cloud of men sprung out from the ditch (how they could have got in without our having observed them, was puzzling to me), and rushed, lance in hand, against the door. Well for us that its fastenings were secure, that we had not been tempted to throw away shots by the first demonstration. Bang! bang! went our rifles, and I saw with a feeling of pleasure that the man I had covered fell back with a hoarse yell.

"Don't hurry, but in with your cartridges," I heard next; and both fired again together. This was too much for them—they halted, wavered one moment, and then disappeared as if by magic—our rapid system of firing having completely discomfited them.

"Down with you!" and I felt myself pulled suddenly under the parapet, in time to hear the bullets from the cavalry outside the ditch sing over our heads. "So far so good," was Dick's comment. "Take a drop of whiskey, and watch the next move."

The moon was now nearly over, but that was not so much against us, the night being clear and starlight enough to see a man at ten paces. We could hear the trampling of horses' feet, and guttural sounds of talking, and guessed that a council of war was being held. Suddenly a spark appeared about two hundred yards from the house—for they had fired our haystack—and grew rapidly into a flame. Brighter and brighter it became, and lit up the scene—which was one of those men do not easily forget—as with the glare of the noonday sun.

Grouped round the flame, and out of range, were our foes—their swarthy skins and murky hair glistened in the firelight; and they brandished lances, and screamed with delight at the destruction they had caused.

Dogs were barking, and the horses in the corral neighing shrilly and rearing with terror—some fighting desperately to escape.

I looked at my companion's face; it was very pale, and the expression decidedly ugly.

"Look!" he said hoarsely. "Here comes an ambassador. Good heaven! look!"

I turned with astonishment; but the sickening sight I saw fully accounted for Dick's excitement and rage.

A nearly naked Indian was boldly advancing towards us, and bearing before him a burden, which effectually secured, as he meant to do, his immunity from our shots.

A beautiful white girl of about seventeen was lying helpless in his arms. Her hands were bound behind her back, and masses of coal-black hair encircled a face showing deadly terror and horror in every feature, and drooped nearly to the ground under the savage's arm. Her dress, torn from one white shoulder, showed how hard had been the first ineffectual struggle against her captors.

As the Indian crossed the ditch (they had cut the rope which held up the drawbridge in the first attack) with his burden, Dick with a deep groan recognized her. "It is Rosita, Don Ramon's daughter," he broke out. "I love her, Alfred, and will save her or die with her. Listen!" he continued hurriedly. "This rascal has come to make some proposal to us. Keep your eye on him; and the moment you get a fair chance, fire at him. If you kill *her*, it is the better fate. When I hear the shot, I will throw open the window (which I can do more easily than the door), and try for a rescue. But, for heaven's sake, don't leave the roof: our only hope is in your being able to keep off the others, who will rush from the ditch. Good-bye."

And he was down the ladder before I could speak, leaving his hat cunningly adjusted above the parapet. Poor Dick! all his coolness and sang-froid had vanished now! I myself was not in a pleasant predicament. To carry out his half-mad scheme involved my running a terrible risk of shooting my friend's sweetheart, which at any other time would have appeared impossible; but when I read the agony and loathing in the poor girl's eyes, I braced my nerves, set my teeth, laid my rifle ready, and inwardly swore that no trembling of *my* hand should mar her deliverance.

And now the savage, a truculent-looking brute, raised his voice, and demanded in broken Spanish a surrender. He threatened us with all the tortures his ingenious fraternity are so justly proud of having invented, in case of obstinacy, and bid us look upon his captive, for that she, too, should suffer for us. As he said this, he grasped the girl's hair brutally, and raised her head. With a sudden spring of pain and fright, she threw herself out of his arms, and fell to the ground. His time and mine had come. As he stooped, my bullet laid him dead by the side of his intended victim. Dick made his rush from the window, and the Indians theirs from the ditch, as he had predicted; but as Rosita was rather nearer to the house than the ditch, he managed to reach her first, and was retreating with her in his arms. And now all depended upon me. My first shot, aimed at the foremost of the assailants, missed him clean; and before I could seize the other rifle, he had made a vicious thrust at Dick, who, encumbered as he was, was quite helpless. The lance passed through Rosita's dress, luckily without injury to the wearer; and as the savage drew back for a cooler and surer thrust, I had the inexpressible pleasure of lodging a bullet in his body, which effectually prevented any further lance-exercise from him.

Then I heard a heavy fall in the room below: Dick had thrown his burden clean through the open window, at the risk of breaking a limb, and turning, found himself engaged hand to hand with a dozen Indians. He set his back against the wall, and drew his revolver with his right hand, receiving as he did so a spear-thrust through his left arm; but his and my revolver, fortunately reserved until now, played among the attacking party, and a man was dropping at every shot; so they drew off. Dick managed with a great effort to drag himself through the window, and then fainted away from loss of blood and exhaustion; and when I ran down the ladder to make fast the window again, I found him comfortably reclining with his head in Rosita's lap, the latter having been stunned by her unceremonious entry. But I could not stay to help here; my post was on the roof. I hurried up the ladder, noticing for the first time that I had myself suffered in the scrimmage to the extent of a slight flesh-wound from a bullet. The fight was over. Throughout the remainder of the night, the Indians lingered about, and stole most of the horses and some sheep, but they had not pluck again to encounter the deadly breech-loaders. Seldom, indeed, had such a severe lesson been taught them; and when the glorious sun rose (never sight more welcome), we saw them ride, beaten off the field, bearing with them five of the slain: six other corpses were lying in front of the window, where the fiercest struggle had been, and two more were afterwards found, who had crawled into the ditch like wild animals to die.

We learned from the pretty Rosita, whose gratitude was most touching, that she had been captured whilst walking in the orange-garden near her father's house, a short time before we were attacked.

"You, noble caballeros," she said, "have preserved me from death, and from what is far worse. God will reward you, for I can never."

I think Dick, however, was of a different opinion; at all events, he has always seemed remarkably satisfied with the reward he persuaded her to make him.

Some years have passed since that eventful night. Dick and Rosita are living at Don Ramon's estancia, that worthy old gentleman having departed this life shortly after their marriage. I, too, am with them as a partner in the land, flocks, and herds, of which we have a goodly quantity; and whenever the increasing stock of little Dicks and Rositas ask me, as they invariably do of an evening, to tell them a story, I know that nothing less will content them than a full, true, and particular account of the night attack.

☞ An English paper says that one of the novelties of the season is a summer hat, looking like very good straw, but in reality made of wood shavings, and sold for two and one-half pence. A highly superior article may be had for nine and one-half pence. It is said to be fragile; a heavy shower would reduce it to the consistency of blotting paper, and it will not stand the slightest blow. But in fine weather it looks as well as a Panama.

☞ A paper mill at Cohoes, New York, has just made a sheet four feet wide and twenty-five miles long. There are rumors that Henry A. Wise is to write a brief letter on it.

☞ The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.—*Lacater.*

☞ The seconds in a late duel in France, who, on a first discharge, had nearly been hit by their principals, on reloading and delivering them their weapons observed, "Perhaps it would be as well for you, gentlemen, the next time to fire at one another." No, the best rule in duelling is always to fire at the seconds. This will soon put a stop to the absurd custom.

☞ In New York, the latest extravagance is said to be the setting of diamonds in the teeth.

☞ Bismarck complains of being so dyspeptic that he cannot eat more than five dozen oysters at a meal.

☞ A rude fellow once told Mr. Barnum he had never exhibited anything that wasn't a barefaced humbug. "Yes, I have," said Barnum; "the bearded lady wasn't barefaced."

☞ Celebrities are always surround by nobodies; those who like to show themselves draw near to those who are most observed.

☞ It is officially announced that correspondence for New Zealand and Australia may be forwarded via San Francisco for the mail steamers to sail on the tenth of each month, beginning June tenth. The rate of postage on letters, newspapers, &c., is ten cents per half ounce, prepaid.

☞ A pamphlet has appeared at Rome denouncing acquiescence in the dogma of personal infallibility of the Pope as a mortal sin. It is supposed to have been written by the Bishop of St. Brieux, and produces an extraordinary sensation.

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The crowd at the Rink was immense, and the cheers with which Weston was greeted when he completed the hundred miles, and walked more than half a mile over the distance, in order, as he said, to settle all disputes, were most enthusiastic.

After partaking of some refreshment Weston briefly addressed the spectators, thanking them for their interest in his undertaking.

☞ CAUSE AND EFFECT.—The editor of a Chicago children's paper received a letter from a lady subscriber, who writes: "Our little Anna died last week, after reading the last number of your valuable paper."

☞ The London Church Times (High Church) seriously urges that officiating clergymen at funeral services should not wear white, as it would imply that the departed, no matter how wicked, have gone to heaven. Neither, of course, should they be clad in hopeless black; but violet, gray, lavender, or brown chasubles should be worn, the color being lighter or darker according to the character of the deceased and the hopefulness of his state!

☞ At Dover, N. H., Gardner Brown, aged 16 years, was killed last Friday while playing base ball, by the ball striking him on the head.

☞ Curious "mafes" some persons use. A Vermont man has informed Gen. Spinner that for some time past he found an old stove a convenient safe for his bonds; but recently, without his knowledge, the stove was used, and, to his astonishment, the bonds were baked to a crisp. The Treasurer has notified him to forward, with the greatest care, the "baked bonds," and, if they can be identified, the government will either pay their value or issue registered bonds in their place.

☞ "Adam's Wedding" is the title of an amusing article in an English journal. The writer is of the opinion that, although Adam and Eve were rather young to be married, yet on the whole they managed matters extremely well. There was no great parade about arrangements—every thing was quiet and private, and the idea of a wedding in a garden is in very good taste. Would it not be a relief to anxious mammas and harassed papas if the simplicity of early days was in some measure revived? No elaborate outfit, no expensive cake, no fashionable ceremony, no costly gifts, no reception, no bridal tour, but only love and Eden!

☞ At the first announcement that butter was being manufactured from the mud of the river Thames, the story was not generally credited among scientific men. Morgan's Trade Journal, an English publication, recently re-asserted the statement, and dispelled all doubts as to the fact.

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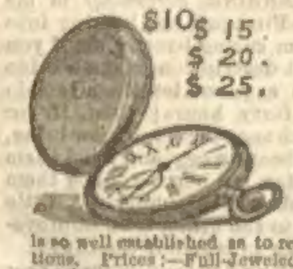

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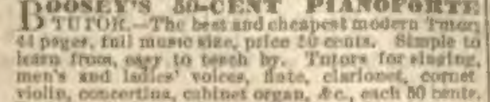

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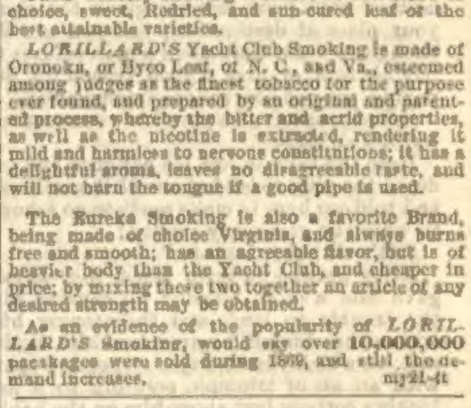

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Ludicrous Interruption.

One of our Western dioceses is presided over by an eloquent and earnest preacher, who has a habit, as he approaches the end of his sermon, of closing his manuscript and finishing his discourse by an extemporaneous appeal to the consciences of his hearers. On the occasion of one of his visitations to the pioneer settlements of his spiritual jurisdiction, he appointed service in a school-house which stood upon a beautiful unenclosed common, which was a fine range for the cattle of the neighborhood. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in June, warm, but breezy, and by no means oppressive. The neat white school-house was well filled with an attentive audience, and all the windows, (which reached near the ground) were raised, in order to admit a free circulation of air. Among the cattle that had collected on the shady side of the school-house was a rough-looking, but venerable and sober donkey. He remained quiet and contented near one of the side windows, opposite to the bishop, during the reading of the service. The bishop announced his text, and preached an impressive sermon, and, as his habit was, after expounding his text, and before entering upon the practical exhortation, he closed his manuscript. Looking attentively around his congregation, and waiting for an instant until there was perfect silence, he said, in a deep, low and impressive tone:—"And now, beloved, what think you of these things?" The words were hardly out of his mouth when the donkey thrust his head through the opened window, and gave out one of those horrid, terrible, unearthly screams that no creature but one of his kind can, and of which no words can convey an adequate idea. The bishop, though a man of coolness, was very much flurried. His face turned all colors, and he could not utter a word; while the congregation stuffed their prayer-books, handkerchiefs, hands—everything—into their mouths, in order to keep in the universal explosion. The boys and girls laughed outright. Very soon, however, an oppressive silence prevailed, and the bishop, biting his lip, commenced, in a solemn and deep tone: "I say, my brethren, what think you of these things?" Once more, at the very instant, came the deafening, terrible screech of the melancholy-looking beast, as if in answer to the bishop's earnest question. This was too much. In less than a minute, the sermon, benediction, and all, was ended, and the building was emptied, and the people, convulsed with laughter, were making their way homeward.—*Appleton's Journal.*

A Yankee on the Mississippi.

Among the numerous passengers on board a Mississippi river steamboat was a tall, gaunt Yankee. He did not walk to the captain's office and pay his fare, so the clerk hinted to him that the money was wanted. The stranger was not disconcerted, but replied:

"I am going up the river a little way; it's all right."

The clerk not being much the wiser for this answer, again politely asked:

"At what point do you land, sir?"

"Don't land at any point. It's all right, though."

Here our clerk left our hero and went to consult with the captain, who at once lost his good humor and proceeded forthwith to bring the matter to a focus, accosting the Yankee with:

"How far are you going to bear us company up the river, stranger?"

"Oh, I'm going up a little way with ye—but it's a-l-l right, captain."

"But, sir," said the captain, "you have neither paid your fair nor given the clerk your place of destination; and you are old enough to know that when a man refuses to pay his fare, or give a good reason for not paying, we put him ashore immediately."

"Well, captain, I s'pose it's your custom, but it's all right."

Here the captain lost his patience and ordered the pilot to land at one of the stations, and told our hero to make ready to go ashore, to which he graciously replied:

"It's all right, captain."

After getting on terra firma, the captain gave him a short blessing for causing him the trouble to land, and threatening him with a thrashing if he ever saw him again, etc., to which the stranger responded again with an air of triumph, pointing to a fine looking cottage just above him on the bank:

"It's all right, captain; that's my house, captain, it's all right."

The captain raved terribly for a few minutes, but it could not be helped.

Anecdote of O'Connell.

During the Repeal agitation in Ireland, a gentleman connected with the *Times* was sent by that journal to report O'Connell's rather treasonable speeches. One of the first meetings the newspaper man attended was in Kerry. Having heard of O'Connell's polite qualities, he thought he would ask that gentleman's permission to take a verbatim account of the oration. The "Liberator" not only consented, but, in his oiliest manner informed the assembled audience that "until that gintleman was provided with all writin' convaniences, he would not spake a word," assuming an extra brogue, which was altogether unnecessary. The reporter was delighted. The preparations began, and were completed; the reporter was ready.

"Are you quite ready?" asked Dan.

"Quite ready."

"Now are you sure you're intirely ready?"

"I'm certain, sir. Yes."

The crowd becoming excited and impatient, Dan said,

"Now, 'pon my conscience, I won't begin the speech until the London gintleman is intirely ready."

After waiting another moment or so, O'Connell advanced; eyes glistened; ears were all attention; and the reportorial pencil arose. Dan gave one more benignant smile on the reporter, winked at the auditors, and commenced his speech in the native Irish language, to the irrepressible horror of the reporter, and to the infinite delight of all Kerry.

WHAT PADDY WOULD DO.—A party of young men were telling what they would do were they shipwrecked far out upon the sea, and left buffeting with the waves without a plank to sustain them. Each one gave his opinion, excepting Paddy Murphy, who, after being asked for his, replied:—"Bad cess to ye, for a cowardly set of spalpeens; ye'd all be afther savin' yourselves, an' not tryin' to save anuther. Why it's Paddy Murphy that would swim to shore an' save himself, an' thin come back an thry to save anuther."

AMBITIOUS.

MISS ETHEL.—"Mamma dear, I think I shall be a duchess."
MAMMA.—"What nonsense, Ethel! What do you mean?"
ETHEL.—"Why, how would it be if I married a *Dutchman?*"

Could Not See It.

The worthy gentleman who rules the rising generation of boys in a certain town in Tennessee, had occasion recently to correct a little fellow named Johnny. Now Johnny got into a fit of what is called "sulks," because he was whipped; and in order to convince him that he was justly and necessarily punished, his teacher had recourse to the following argument:

"Well, Johnny, suppose you were riding a big horse to water, and had a keen switch in your hand, and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go any farther, what would you do?"

Johnny stifled his sobs for a moment, and looking up through his tears, replied:

"I'd cluck to him, sir."

"But, Johnny, suppose he wouldn't go for your clucking, what would you do then?"

"I'd get down and lead him, sir."

"And what if he were obstinate and would not let you lead him?"

"Why, I'd take off his bridle and turn him loose, and walk home, sir."

"You may go and take your seat, Johnny."

Johnny could not be made to see the necessity for using the switch.

A SAN-FRANCISCO SCHOOL TEACHER received the following note from the "ostensible" parent of one of his pupils:—"I hope as to my John, you will flog him just as often as you kin. Heas a bad boy—is John. Altho I've bin in habit of teachin him myself, it seems to me he never will learn anything; his spellin is ottragously deefishent. Wallop him well, ser, and you will receive my thanks.

"P. S.—What accounts for John bein sich a bad scholar is, that he is my sun by my wife's fust husband."

[That must be a good anecdote, for we remember writing it about twenty years ago, and it is going about still. We did not, however, locate the story in San Francisco.—*Editor Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Old Maids.

The old maid who has accepted her lot without repining—who cultivates her intellect and stores her mind—who enlarges her charity by making the trials of others in some measure her own—who sees that there lies before her a large sphere of usefulness which she can pursue undistracted by domestic and family cares, is a source of blessing to herself and others. Her presence is always hailed because of its healing influence. She can allay dissensions, knowing how to speak the "soft answer that turneth away wrath." As in the still moonlight the outer world loses whatever it may have of harshness, and all things are mellowed beneath its rays, so in the presence of one who has learnt lessons of patience, resignation, and unselfishness, the world's irregularities are toned down and softened, and the tumult even of undisciplined hearts is stilled.

It belongs to goodness to make itself felt even to the lowest depths of the human heart; and the presence among us of one who teaches, by the very force of her own excellence, without any desire to teach, has a beneficial influence. She is like the good angel that calmed the troubled waters. Such instances of spinsterhood are not rare.

Financial.

The Buffalo *Express* gives the following account of a financial transaction which took place in an office in that city a few days ago: By some means or other, it happened that the office-boy owed one of the clerks three cents, the clerk owed the cashier two cents, and the cashier owed the office-boy two cents. The office-boy, having a cent in his pocket, concluded to diminish his debt, and therefore handed the nickel over to the clerk, who, in turn, paid half of his debt by giving the coin to the cashier. The latter handed the cent back to the office-boy, remarking; "Now I only owe you one cent." The office-boy again passed the cent to the clerk, who passed it back to the cashier, who passed it back to the office-boy, and the latter individual squared all accounts by paying it to the clerk, thereby discharging the entire debt.

HOW THE TIMBER GOES.—The present consumption of wood in the United States is enormous. One hundred thousand acres of the best timber is cut every year to supply the demand for railway sleepers alone. For railroad buildings, repairs and cars the annual expenditure in wood is thirty-eight millions of dollars. In a single year the locomotives in the United States consumed fifty-six millions of dollars' worth of wood. There are in the whole country more than four hundred thousand artizans in wood; and, if the value of their labor is one thousand dollars a year each, the wood industry of the country represents an amount of nearly five hundred millions of dollars per annum.

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

Balmy breeze from the blossomy South,
Kissing my lips with thy tender mouth,
Touching my forehead with delicate hand,
Lifting my hair up with breath so bland,
And bathing my head with scents of flowers
Borne from the laps of Southern bowers—
Balmy breeze, I behold not thee;
Yet, oh, how beautiful thou must be!

Say—wilt thou stay, sweet breeze? Ah! now
It hath fled away from my lip and brow;
There, over the plain, its white robe spreads,
And the gentle flowers are bending their heads.
It hath entered the wood—the beautiful breeze,
I hear its music among the trees;
And now it is passing over the river—
I know by the water's timid quiver.

Balmy breeze! I behold not thee;
But, oh, how beautiful thou must be!
Come, thou breeze, from the bloomy South,
Kiss my lips with thy tender mouth,
Touch my brow with thy delicate hand,
And take me away to thy Southern land;
Then nevermore, breeze, invisible roam,
But dwell with me in thy spirit's home.

Prepare to Dodge.

An Iowa chap of an investigating turn of mind has sent out word that there is a comet on its way that is going to play the very dickens with this little planet of ours presently. He says it is going to pass around the sun once, just for a flyer, and then pass so near the earth as to destroy its gravitation entirely, and it will go off as a bob to this etherial kite; and after awhile things will go to eternal smash, the world is to be reconstructed, and we shall all have a new deal for chances. To show that this is no idle tale we print the prediction:

"As it is given to me, a comet is approaching our solar system, unlooked for by astronomers. It will appear within twenty years, perhaps within five. It is about 300,000 miles in diameter, and is more than three times as heavy as our earth. At a distance it will look like fire. It will pass around the sun, and on its return from him will pass so near the earth as to drag her from her orbit, and she will take her march after it toward unknown space. How many years can she travel from the sun without congealing all life? If the people on the earth are organized as directed, so that the angel-world can fasten to her, they can hold her in her position, and the comet will fall back upon her, and chemically change her atmosphere and water, so that no animal life will any longer remain except in those human beings in whom moral force predominates. They will then require but one-tenth of the food which they now use, and will live ten times as long. But the angels will thus save the world, only with the concurrence of its inhabitants. And they will defer the matter of help until the world has moved about 50,000,000 miles farther from the sun than it now is."

One Half Guilty.

A fellow named Donks was lately tried at Yuba, Cal., for entering a miner's tent, and stealing a bag of gold-dust valued at eighty-four dollars. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there, and knew exactly where the owner kept his dust; that on the night specified he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag, and then ran off. Jim Buller, the principal witness, testified that he saw the cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away.

"I rushed after him at once," continued the witness; "but when I catched him I didn't find Bill's bag; but it was found afterward where he had throwed it."

"How far did he get when he took the dust?" inquired the counsel.

"Well, he was stoopin' over, half way in, I should say," replied the witness.

"May it please your honor," interposed the counsel, "the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the nighttime with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he made an opening through which he protruded himself about half way, and, stretching out his arms, committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your honor, can a man enter a house when only one-half of his body is in and the other half out?"

"I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact as proved," replied the judge.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty as to one half of his body, and not guilty as to the other half."

The judge sentenced the guilty part to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the innocent part cut off, or to take it along with him.

AGRICULTURAL.

Feed Better and Live Better.

The greater part of our farmers do not feed their farm stock well enough. They do not seem to know, or they seem to be very indifferent to the fact, that better feeding gives better manure, that the richer the manure the heavier the crops, that the heavier the crops the larger the profit and the fatter the animals, while in turn the better fed is the farmer and his herd. The feeding of farm stock, especially of cattle, sheep and pigs is not carried on to any great extent in our country, as it is in England, as a source of profit. When the feeding of stock becomes better understood, we shall see upon most of our farms, less grain growing, fewer hoed crops, less hard work, more leisure, more grass, more cattle, more manure, more contentment, more system, more money.

The cows should not be forgotten now nor hereafter. And to not forget them hereafter is not to forget them now. Anticipate their wants. The flow of milk—which without this forelaying, is sure to be greatly diminished during August and September—can be kept up to its highest quantity by the aid of a small amount daily of fodder corn. And fodder corn must be planted now. It should on no account be neglected, even by those who keep but one or two cows; and for those who have something of a dairy, who sell milk or make butter—nothing but the sheerest improvidence will allow the planting of a good sized piece of fodder corn to be omitted. A part of it can be grown upon land too wet to plant with other crops, as a succession at planting will give a desirable succession of the crop when it is wanted to feed out.

It is a lamentable fact that country folk work too hard, and fare too ill. They who are themselves the producers, who contribute by their labor to feed millions of men, who, from their abundance supply the tables of princes and kings—are themselves poorly fed. They cannot afford themselves anything palatable to eat or comely to wear. This truly ought not to be. And the remedy our correspondent suggests is the true one. Manure higher, plough deeper, raise more hay, feed out more corn and hay upon the farm rather than sell it. With such a course will come higher prices, more money, and a feeling that what is good enough to sell is not too good to eat. Mr. Goodale once told us that when on a tour of observation through the famous cheese region of New York, visiting the most celebrated dairymen of the Herkimer valley, it was impossible to find a plate of good cheese upon their tables! This is the way farmers in New York—and in other states too—get rich. But is such a course necessary in order to get rich? We believe not. The farmer's table should be furnished with the best he raises—and this can be done by following the remedy proposed by our correspondent. Let farmers try it.—*Maine Farmer.*

Cultivate Apple Trees.

A correspondent in Montgomery county, Pa., informs us that he can succeed with his apple orchard in obtaining a crop as well as any other field product upon his farm. He commences his orchard by selecting his trees himself in the nursery, as a farmer selects his seed before sowing; helps to take them up, as a farmer secures his seed; hauls them home late in the afternoon or evening; puts them in where they are to be planted until next day; has the ground prepared beforehand and the holes dug; removes and sets the trees as he needs them in the most careful manner, applying two buckets of water to each tree—one when the hole is half filled up, the other when entirely filled, leaving the ground around the tree bowl-like. Stakes firmly; mulches; waters occasionally; keeps all cattle and hogs out; and when the trees are a few years planted, twice a year, spring and fall, scrapes the trunk, scrubs it severely with cow urine gathered in a tank from the stable, using about half a bucket to each tree, and gives them a thorough examination to ferret out any worms, etc. He says it is not nearly as much labor as any other crop on the farm.

Farmers, do you hear that?—*Germantown Telegraph.*

How to Drive a Young Horse.

We find the following floating, and do not know its paternity, but it is good advice:—"In teaching a young horse to drive well, do not hurry to see how fast he will trot. Keep each pace clear and distinct from the other: that is, in walking make him walk, and do not allow him to trot. While trotting be equally careful that he keeps steady at his pace, and do not allow him to slack into a walk. The reins, while driving, should be kept snug; and when pushed to the top of his speed, keep him well in hand, that he may learn to bear well upon the bit, so that when going at a high rate of speed he can be held at his pace; but do not allow him to pull too hard, for it is not only unpleasant, but it makes it often difficult to manage him."

How to Kill Lice on Cattle.

A correspondent in the Country Gentleman dissolved about a pint of strong soft soap in a pail of warm, soft water, and saturated the whole surface of a lousy cow's body with it; after about thirty minutes, repeated the operation, and in thirty minutes longer took a pail of clean, warm water and quickly and thoroughly washed out all the soap water and dead lice in large quantities, put her in a warm stable, and covered her with a dry blanket. The next day, after being thoroughly dried, she looked and seemed to feel like a new animal, more than doubled her quantity of milk within twenty-four hours, and immediately commenced gaining flesh and general thriftiness.

To Transport Eggs.

It is well known that eggs which it is designed to set for chickens are injured by transportation by railway, and we constantly see complaints of ill success in the agricultural papers.

Now eggs can be transported to almost any distance by rail, if instead of being carried on the floor of the car as they generally are, they are suspended in a box or basket so that they are not so much subject to the jar of the rail. If hung up from the top of the car, or on the hat rack, if taken in the passenger car, they will escape injury and hatch about as well as ever.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

☞ A clergyman lately listened very attentively to the performances of the Mendelssohn Quintette club. Having evidently enjoyed the music, he inquired which of the performers was Mr. Mendelssohn?

THE RIDDLER.

Zoological Enigma.

I am composed of 62 letters.
My 1, 3, 13, 22, is an amphibious animal.
My 6, 35, 36, 58, 3, is a venomous serpent.
My 9, 7, 20, 49, 44, is a slow-moving animal.
My 10, 24, 32, 41, is an animal.
My 12, 2, 7, 5, is a wild animal.
My 15, 2, 37, is an animal.
My 18, 51, 46, 53, is an animal living in water.
My 19, 48, 43, is a bird.
My 25, 39, 49, 47, 14, 38, are animals found in America.
My 26, 40, 30, 16, are animals.
My 31, 56, 26, 61, is a wild animal.
My 33, 44, 60, 42, 27, are domestic animals.
My 34, 62, 54, is an active little insect.
My 50, 4, 8, 37, is a little animal.
My 52, 29, 23, is a wild animal.
My 55, 28, 3, 17, 21, is a bird.
My 59, 28, 10, 57, 45, 14, is an animal.
My whole is a couplet written by a New England poet. PHILIP.
Honeytown, Ind.

Enigma.

I am composed of 77 letters.
My 1, 61, 7, 35, 45, is a weapon.
My 8, 21, 40, 72, 55, is a vegetable.
My 10, 3, 53, 41, 69, is an animal.
My 12, 24, 8, 36, 64, is a musical instrument.
My 14, 2, 56, 46, 30, is a part of the body.
My 16, 5, 25, 41, 51, is a bird.
My 23, 33, 15, 63, 42, is an animal.
My 26, 76, 42, 6, 19, was an ancient god.
My 29, 44, 71, 39, 11, is a bird.
My 32, 4, 75, 22, 13, is a fish.
My 37, 3, 62, 28, 57, is a bird.
My 43, 1, 18, 73, 31, was an ancient god.
My 44, 27, 60, 36, 17, is a grain.
My 47, 20, 8, 34, 4, is an animal.
My 50, 38, 24, 43, 5, is a bird.
My 54, 48, 65, 74, 10, is a plant.
My 58, 9, 58, 7, 61, was an ancient goddess.
My 68, 53, 37, 16, 2, is an animal.
My 70, 15, 23, 49, 3, was an ancient goddess.
My 77, 41, 66, 67, 59, is an animal.
My whole is a proverb. ISOLA.
Sheffield, Pa.

Problem.

A owes B $300, for which he gives him three notes payable in one, two and three years respectively. With the interest at 10 per cent., for what amount must each note be given so that he can pay the same sum each year? H. R. SPINK.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

If a triangle be formed with the centre of a circle as vertex, and the line joining any two points taken at random in the surface of the circle as base, what is the chance that it will be acute?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ How long can a goose stand on one foot? Try it—that's the way the goose found out.

☞ When is a grocer like a highwayman? When he lies in weight.

☞ What is the knobbiest thing in use at tea? Lump-sugar.

☞ Why should there be more marriages in winter than in summer? Ans.—Because in winter the gentlemen require comforters and the ladies muffs.

☞ What is the difference between the captain of a base ball nine and a prize fighter? One heads the battery, and the other batters the heads.

☞ What color should parasites dress in? Fawn.

☞ What is worse than raining cats and dogs? Hailing cabs and omnibuses.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end." RIDDLE.—Della Loretta Bodine.

RECEIPTS.

TO PUT UP HERRING AND SHAD.—Those that up their own fish should be careful to have the barrels tight and well cleaned; if the pickle leaks from them, they are liable to spoil. Scale the fish and wash them, as it will save much time; when you prepare them for cooking, take out the gills, but leave on the heads of herrings.

The heads should be taken off the shad, and split them down the back; put a layer of fish, then a layer of ground alum salt—and after they are packed, put on a weight to keep them down. If herring are well cured, they will be good at the end of two years.

TO PUT UP HERRING, *according to the Hartford Mode.*—First put the herring into the brine left from curing bacon; or, if you have none of that description, make a brine that will bear an egg, and let them remain in it thirty or forty hours; then, if for pickled herring, change them into new brine, which must also bear an egg, and head them up to keep. If for red herring, hang them up, and smoke them thoroughly. A little saltpetre, added to the brine, is an improvement. It is better to take out the row.

SCOTCH METHOD OF WASHING WOOLLEN SHAWLS.—Scrape 1 lb. of soap, and boil it down in sufficient water to be a thin jelly; when cold, beat it with the hand, and add three tablespoonsful of spirits of turpentine, and one of spirits of hartshorne. Wash the articles thoroughly in it, then rinse in cold water until all the soap is taken off, then in salt and water. Fold between two sheets, taking care not to allow two folds of the article washed to lie together. Mangle, and iron with a very cool iron. Shawls done in this way look like new. Only use the salt where there are delicate colors that may strike.

ICE PUDDING.—1 quart of milk, the yolks of twelve eggs, 1 lb. of sugar, 1 tablespoonful essence of vanilla, 1 do. cinnamon, essence of lemon. Put these into a porcelain-lined saucepan, and stir it on the fire till it is one point from boiling. Let it cool, and afterwards freeze it as any other ice. When frozen let it be well covered with salt and ice for one hour; then mould it with pieces of preserved apricot, cherries, &c. In one hour it will be fit for use.—*Constantly Tried.*

TO TAKE OLD PUTTY FROM WINDOW GLASS.—Warm an iron, and rub it on the glass opposite the putty; this melts the oil, and you may easily remove the putty.